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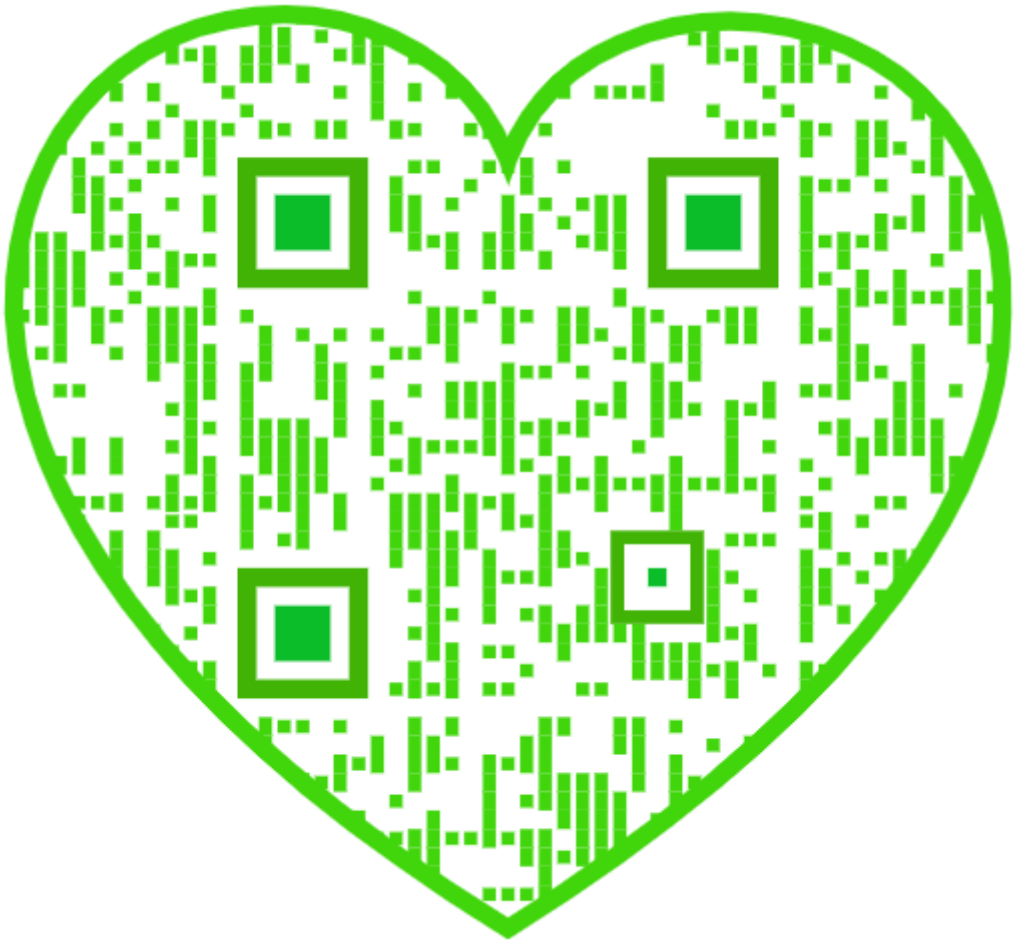

THE HORSE, AS COMRADE AND FRIEND

THE HORSE, AS COMRADE AND FRIEND

"FESTINA LENTE"

BY

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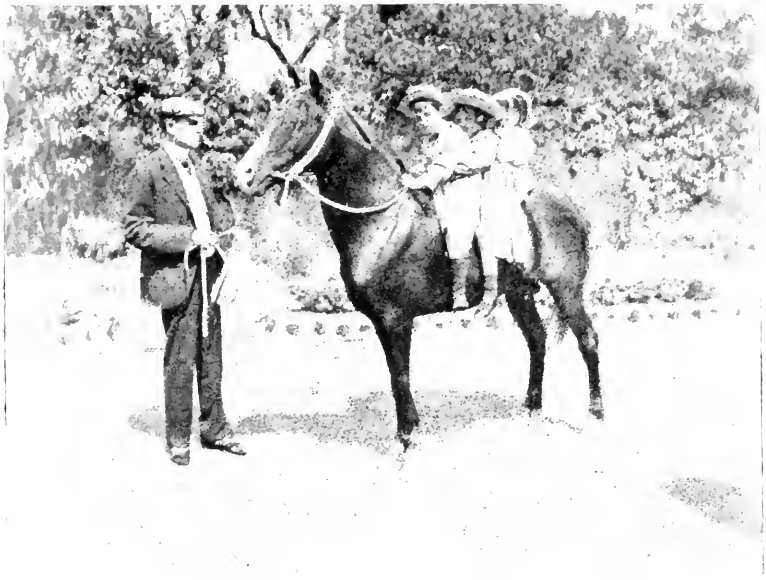
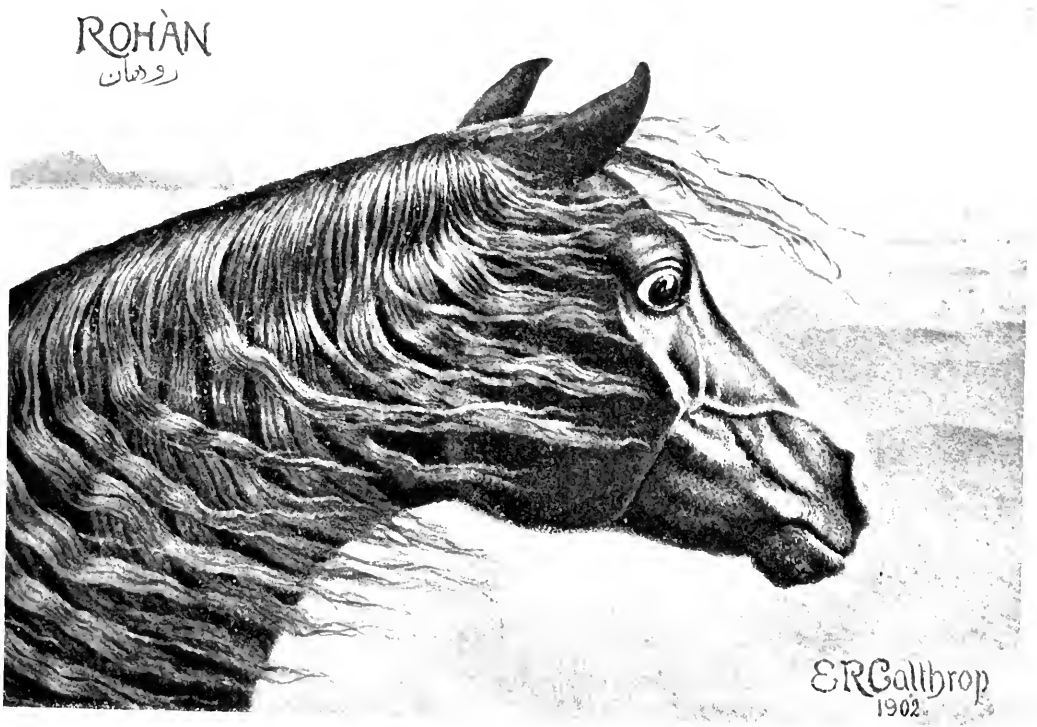


Rohàn in 1901, aged 10, with Keith, Iris and Betty up

Rohàn in 1914, aged 23, with Betty up, and Sam

[*To back frontispiece*



ROHÀN (from a water colour portrait by the Author) [*Frontispiece* / *To face Dedication*

To

The Dear Memory of

ROHÀN

My old Arab Stallion

One of the Noblest Horses God ever made

and

My Best and Truest Comrade and Friend

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LOWTHER,
PENRITH,
5th November, 1917.

DEAR MR. CALTHROP,

I have read your book, which I now return, and deeply regret that I have taken so long to do it, but I have been so very busy. I have now read every word of it, and entirely agree with practically all that you have said. Also I entirely agree with your views.

As regards what I might term "instantaneous breaking": to anybody who really understands animals, like yourself, it is perfectly obvious and I quite agree with all you say. I knew Sample and Galvayne and all those breaking men very well. Sample was really by far the best of them; Galvayne was merely an imitation, and a moderate one, of Sample.

I hope that you will succeed with your publication, for it is certainly deserving of every success, as it is full of merit, and the principles and everything on which you found your system is, in my humble and probably valueless opinion, perfectly right.

I am perfectly certain that no real cure can be made with a savage animal, except of a temporary character, in which the owner or user of the horse has not made and given the

animal that he is breaking absolute and complete confidence and justice. Horses and dogs are like children and at times want correcting, but correcting an animal that makes a mistake when it knows it is wrong is a totally different thing from abusing and knocking an animal about, such as one often sees.

I have seen some of the much-advertised methods of breaking the wildest of remounts. It is true that they are broken, to an extent, but it is their spirit that is broken not their nature or tempers altered and calmed. But the result is, I suppose, satisfactory to the breaker, but it can only be—and is—temporary. However, you go into such detail and so very admirably that it would be impertinent to make remarks on what evidently you understand better than I do.

Thanking you for having allowed me to see the book before it is published, and again wishing it every possible success.

Believe me,

Yours truly,

(signed) LONSDALE.

FOREWORD

I COME of a family, who for some hundreds of years have been notable for an exceeding love of their horses, and for their somewhat remarkable influence over them. No records remain as to the exact nature of the methods of horsecraft employed by my forebears, but my own success in my younger days in handling and taming all sorts of difficult, tricky and vicious horses—sometimes quite unapproachable by other men—and of inducing them to lead subsequently virtuous and blameless lives, makes me believe that my powers are hereditary, and that, therefore, my ancestors have probably worked much on the same lines as I have myself. Owing to age and growing infirmities, I am no longer able to handle, tame and ride wild horses as I once could ; but my love for all horses remains as strong as ever, and, thank God, so does their love for me. The horse that is your friend never lets you know that he thinks you old.

By a coincidence, I recently received almost together several letters from Yorkshire and Essex, in which I was asked to give advice as to the best methods of breaking horses

three and four years' old, which, on account of the war, and the scarcity of men, had received no kind of handling and were extremely wild.* It has occurred to me that this may be the case with young horses in many parts of the country, and that, therefore, it might be of use to many owners, and save horses much mistreatment at the hands of incompetent grooms, if I could put in writing, in a way to be generally understood, the principles of my own methods of training. I have seen so much mishandling and brutal treatment of horses, by men who do not understand them, that I should be glad if anything I could write might perchance save a few horses from such wrong-doing. My two sons being in the Army, helping to tame the Huns, and my first grandsons having only just arrived on this planet, it is unlikely that I shall have the privilege of imparting my methods to these youngsters by personal instruction; and it has, therefore, been an additional inducement to write this little book, in order to hand down such special knowledge of horsecraft, as I possess, to my own descendants.

I have been in many parts of the world and have seen and studied many methods of breaking, training, and taming horses, including those of quite celebrated tamers, such as Captain Hayes, Galvayne, Professor Smith,

*This Foreword was written in 1917.

and many others of lesser note. In the cases of all of them the spectacular subjugation of horses in a few minutes was the leading motif—with an eye to gate money. In a number of instances I have taken the trouble to follow up the results of these lightning cures, and have found, in some cases, that after a few days the horse had become much worse than he was before. I was present when a professional tamer came out to a British Dependency with a great flourish of trumpets, and collected all the hard subjects in a certain city for demonstration of the value of his treatment. These included some artillery horses, with bad characters for stubbornness and evil temper. They came upon the ground, giving all sorts of trouble, with half a dozen men hanging on to each. His system consisted of strapping them up, pulling them down by main force, beating drums and kerosene tins over their heads, firing off guns and the like. When they were stood up again, they were trembling and completely dazed, and one man could, without difficulty, lead each about in a sort of dull, mechanical manner. This result was claimed as a great triumph for the system, but ten days later one of the artillery horses killed his groom, and the others developed such appalling ferocity that within a month all were shot. Other rogue horses in the same city, treated in the same way,

were found subsequently to be much the worse for it, and several had to be destroyed. The same *sequelae* followed demonstrations in other large cities, and, when this became generally known, the tour of instruction came to an end.

Another lightning tamer, whose demonstrations a good many years ago I often attended, certainly had the art of bringing the most refractory and impossible animal under complete control within a very few minutes. He had perfect command of his temper, indomitable pluck, always spoke to his horses cheerily and kindly, though firmly; and had an illimitable stock of raillery and cajolery, which seemed to be appreciated by even the most ferocious of his exhibits. He was never cruel to his pupils, and, although at first afraid of an ingenious shock treatment, which was his speciality, they ended by obviously enjoying it thoroughly. In conversation he frankly admitted to me that the sudden quelling of a horse had little permanent effect; but it was necessary for the attraction and entertainment of his public. For the permanent obliteration of bad habits, he agreed that a long and gradual course was necessary; but that would not fill a big hall and bring in gate money. I followed up a number of cases of horses treated only once or twice at his most interesting show, and although this extremely able expert had

most effectually overcome their tricks in the arena, I learnt from several of the owners, whose names and addresses he always announced, that, as I had expected, the effect was only temporary and they could perceive no permanent improvement. They had expected a permanent cure, without further trouble to themselves, and were disappointed. But in none of these cases did I hear of any bad effect being produced. The tamer was always willing to advise owners, who sent their animals to his exhibition, exactly how to treat them afterwards, and in the case of the few who had taken the trouble to follow his instructions closely, they spoke highly of the preliminary treatment in the arena as being the start of better behaviour, which they had been able, by following the tamer's directions, to make permanent.

There is no doubt that show-taming, unless followed by better and more intelligent treatment of the horses by their attendants, is of little service. In this book I endeavour to impress upon the reader that the best way to train a horse is by a multiplicity of little steps, each of which is well within the brain capacity of the horse to thoroughly understand ; and to win his confidence and affection to such an extent that, of his own volition, he will do the things you want him to do. Everything is difficult if the horse is in antagonism ; if he

willingly co-operates with you, everything, no matter how difficult, is made quite easy of accomplishment. "It's the way he has wid them" was said of a sunny-hearted Irish horse-breaker of my acquaintance, whose horses loved him and did anything he wanted of them. Try the sunny-hearted way—it's the right one.

The system of slow and gradual training, as described in this book, is set out at length to enable any man or woman, without expert knowledge, to undertake the training of horses for their own use, or for sale. For their personal service they would be anxious, no doubt, to make them the most perfect companions possible, and would be willing to devote considerable time to secure the very best results. To those who have sufficient leisure, I advise the very gradual training I have described as being well worth while; for a horse so trained can be ridden or driven by anybody, and becomes the most perfect companion and comrade conceivable. But it is not possible for everyone, particularly those in charge of large horse-runs and ranches who have to handle very large numbers of horses, to expend so much time on individual animals; and it may be well for it to be known that the system can be very much speeded up, the more so, if the training is confined just to essentials. The following are instances. At Secunderabad,

India, I broke into harness in a single day, and so thoroughly as to give no trouble afterwards, a well-known and very high-spirited racing pony (Mail-Train) for a friend. At Castle Connell, Ireland, at the end of a holiday, I came across a well-known three-year-old entire thoroughbred (Pat Macuncas), with whose make and shape and jumping avidity I was particularly taken, but who was very wild. My first view of him was, when, startled by my dogcart, he promptly took a five feet stone wall to join some other youngsters in the next enclosure, although there was an open gateway less than a hundred yards away. His owner, an old farmer, had been overpowered by him and had never taken him out of his pasture, or handled him in any way, since he was a yearling, so I had to buy him as he stood and train him as quickly as I could. It took me a day to catch him ; I made him lie down at my word on the second day ; rode him on the third and fourth days ; and on the fifth day rode him through Limerick, and boxed and shipped him to England. It was a very surprising experience for this horse brought straight from his pasture, and it was curious to see how he relied upon me for encouragement and guidance. With the aid of a lump or two of sugar, with the virtue of which I had made him acquainted, he followed me into the railway horse-box and on board

the steamer at Cork, without fear, and entirely of his own accord. On landing him at Liverpool, I rode him through the dense traffic of the streets and on to Freshfield, without any untoward incidents. He subsequently developed great affection for me. In really expert hands, any unhandled horse can be broken to saddle on this system—and so that the horse at once regards the rider as his friend and protector, and not as his enemy—in three or four days. But he still requires a good rider, and is not yet anybody's horse. That can only come with time, and further careful training of the same sympathetic kind.

On horse ranches in the United States, and in Mexico, I have seen "the boys" round up a mob of the wildest ponies imaginable, and after they have corralled them, pick out any I liked to choose; and, without any kind of preparation, lasso, throw, and saddle them and thus commence their education without further ado. It's the most magnificent feat of equitation to be seen in the wide world—but it's a fight—a thrilling contest of human and equine brains and endurance. The man wins, but he leaves the horse his *enemy*. I have ridden such ponies, long after the contest and when they are considered broken, but the embittered effect remains. Any stranger to them is a potential enemy. It has been long before such a pony has given me his complete

confidence, and has treated me as his honoured friend; but with pains I have accomplished it, and it was worth while in the reward of his ultimate great affection.

By contrast, take the case of the Arab horse, who for thousands of generations has been brought up in the tent as a member of the family. If the tent isn't big enough for the family and the mare and her foal, it isn't the mare and the foal who have to go and sit outside. The relationship has been as intimate as that of an Englishman and his dog, for so many thousands of generations, that the brain development of the Arab horse, and his intelligence, is nearly on a par with that of an English dog. I have seen many thousands of Arab horses imported from Arabia into Bombay, and, for some years, saw probably every one that arrived each season. And the characteristic of every one (with the most trifling exception, due to the very rare cases of ill-treatment) was the most perfect comradeship with man, pleasure at being taken notice of, and ready willingness to do everything that was wanted of him. I was made welcome in all the Arab stables, and made many dear friends amongst the horses. The Arab dealer is a gentleman, and he teaches his horse to be even a better gentleman than himself—*sans peur et sans reproche*. For me the Arab horse, every time. There is no horse like him.

Foreword

I hope this book may find its way into the hands of many of "the boys," who have done "their bit" so worthily and well, and who care for horses. Many have had great and unusual experiences with horses drawn from every quarter of the globe and taken to all the fighting fronts. If they should appreciate what I have written, and, if they can spare the time and would care to write and tell me of their own experiences with horses—and amongst "the boys" are those from the Great Dominions and Colonies, from the States, from Mexico, from India, from every country, and from the Isles of all the Seas—I can tell them that in no way could they give me greater pleasure than by doing so. I will acknowledge with pleasure every communication to which an address is attached. Many of them can tell tales of horses, ponies, mules, asses, camels and other riding, draught and pack cattle in the various theatres of the war. For this reason, I append my private address, in the hope that some of the boys may be prompted to accord me, what I should value and regard as a great privilege; for such stories would add so immensely to the information which is coming in from where great deeds are being done, and it is all so well worth gathering in.

Goldings,
Loughton, Essex.
5th May, 1917.

EVERARD R. CALTHROP.

BASIC PRINCIPLES OF HANDLING AND TRAINING

CHAPTER I

BASIC PRINCIPLES OF HANDLING AND TRAINING

THE horses and ponies which come into the hands of the trainer are of all sorts, ages, heights, shapes and sizes, and their temperaments and intelligence and manners are of every possible diversity; as are also their previous experiences of handling —good, bad, and indifferent—on the part of man. This book has been written, so that any intelligent person—man or woman—with no previous knowledge of the methods of educating a horse, or of training and taming bad horses, can undertake to train their own young stock, or to improve the manners of badly broken animals, with the certainty of success.

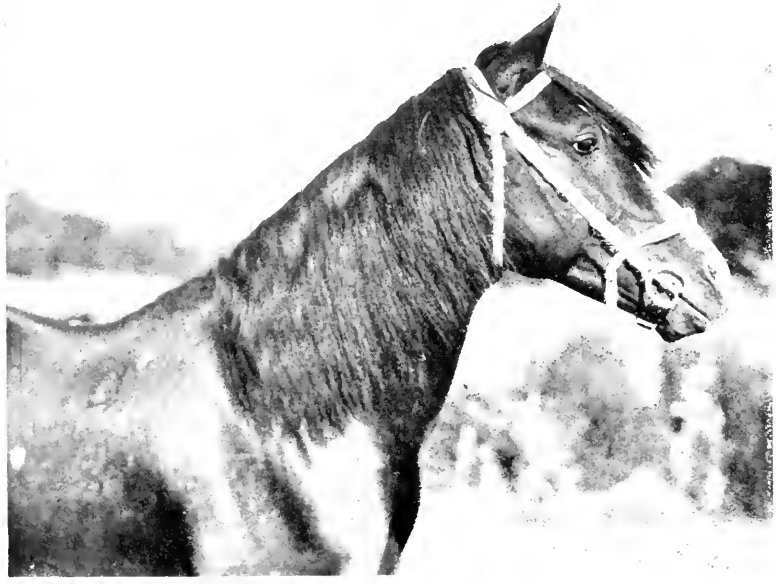
As stated in the Foreword, there are many animals in this country two or three years old, which, through the departure of men to the Front, have never been handled at all, and therefore the typical case has been taken of how to break in a particularly wild and

nervous unhandled three-year-old horse, and the problem is dealt with accordingly. It is applicable to stallions, mares and geldings of every sort and of all ages. If there is any redundancy of explanation, it is hoped that, as the book is primarily written for persons without much knowledge of horses, it may be forgiven.

What has first to be done is to attract the horse's confidence, and then his affection. Ponies, horses and cattle, and, in fact, all animals handled continuously from birth, acquire this confidence so completely in the man who loves them and understands their natures as from within, that nothing that he can do will either disturb or frighten them. Their affection for him is so strong that even the infliction of severe pain, as in necessary surgical operations, is borne quite patiently, the animals understanding that from him—the master—it is done for their good. To be able to secure the whole-souled affection of the noblest animal created—the horse—is a gift and privilege, of which only those on whom it is conferred can fully appreciate its priceless beauty.

To one who has this intimate knowledge of the nature of the horse, there is no exercise of his powers more thrilling in interest than in the case of an animal that has grown to adult age unhandled and without knowledge of man. In this country the opportunities of finding

Rohàn and Marpegorby, 1916



Rohàn in 1906

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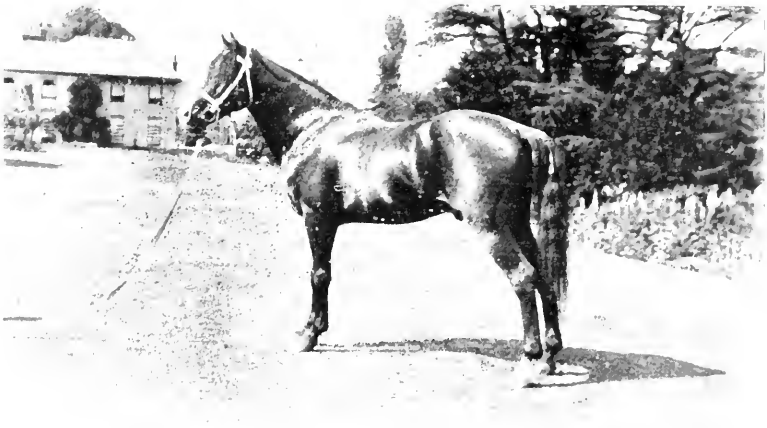
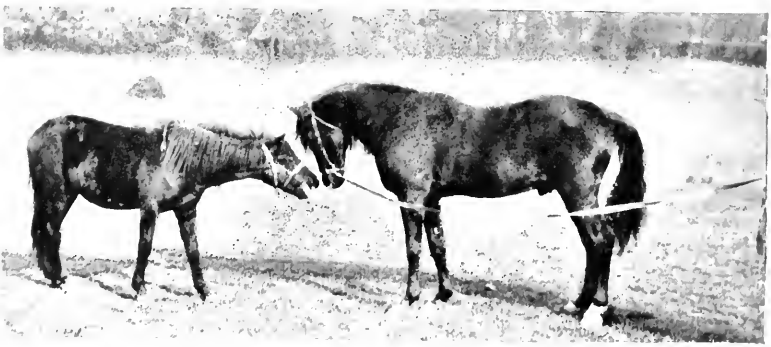


Rohàn, in 1906

Rohàn and some of his descendants, 1912



Rohàn and one of his sons, 1912

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such an animal, other than hill ponies, are rare, so that, when they do occur, they should be cherished and made the most of, as an enormous amount of pleasure can be got from observation of the hereditary defences of the horse, which, in such an example, are quite extensively developed.

The horse is a highly courageous animal, but, throughout the ages, his chief defence against danger has been his extreme vigilance and ability to escape from trouble, instantly, and at great speed. The nervousness of highly-strung horses is an endowment of nature, which in past times has preserved their remote ancestors and the species; so that the line to be taken with an unbroken adult animal, full of every kind of apprehension of harm from man, is such complete disarmament of suspicion, that it is never given the opportunity to develop into active antagonism.

The younger the animal is, the easier and more quickly it can be trained into confidence and affection. Remember that a wholly unbroken adult is much less amenable, for it has an already acquired stock of experience, on which it acts, if scared, with unhesitating impulse. It was promptness of decision and action, as well as speed, which saved its remote ancestors from becoming wolf or lion meat. In approaching this work of breaking in, it is most necessary to take into full account the

instincts working in the horse's mind; for there is only one way to perfect success in the handling of a wild and nervous unbroken, fully-grown horse or mare. Wrongly handled, the animal is spoilt for life. Rightly handled, the subjection and cure of its nervousness and wildness can be made quite permanent.

The nature of the horse, as unbroken, is to suspect and counter every act of a man approaching it, whom it regards as a potential enemy. If there are a number of men directing their attention to him and they run, swing their arms about, and shout when approaching him, any doubt upon this point vanishes, and the horse becomes quite certain that they mean harm to him, and that in prompt escape lies his only safety. Realise that this means destruction of all confidence at the very commencement of your entering into relations with him.

An advance to an unbroken horse must always be oblique and indirect, in absolute silence, dead slow, and without any movement of hands and arms. Unless the ordinary groom or helper is drilled into this *dead quiet* and *dead slow* procedure, he will spoil everything at the start. The *quickest* way of getting on to good terms with the horse is to do everything so quietly and dead slow, that, not only is he not scared, but so that he hardly pays any attention to what you are doing.

BRINGING THE WILD HORSE UP FROM PASTURE

CHAPTER II

BRINGING THE WILD HORSE UP FROM PASTURE

THE first problem is to get the unhandled horse from the field to the stable, without the least excitement. *Tie up all dogs.* If he is very wild and nervous, put a very old and quiet animal, that will in no circumstances kick, into the same field for several days to make friends with him. When you see that they are constantly feeding together, shoulder to shoulder, the old horse can be used as a lead. If possible avoid taking the unhandled horse by road, for a motor, a load of straw, or a flock of sheep might cause much difficulty.

But perhaps you have to bring up the wild horse from his pasture without the aid of another animal. Then adopt this procedure. *Tie up all dogs.* It is essential that he should not be scared, so drill your helpers beforehand into the prime necessity of absolute silence and slow movement. It is best that the horse should be in a field adjoining the straw

yard, or stable, so that the operation should be limited to the actual corraling. If he has to be taken through a succession of fields to the last next the straw yard, have all the gates propped open. Take your men by a round-about way to the far side of the horse without attracting his attention, and then, in extended order, begin your drive, which must be executed in dead slow time. You and your men should not walk in a straight line to the horse, but obliquely, backwards and forwards. By and by he will look up from his feeding and will move away, and start feeding again in another place nearer the gate. As the men come on, he will move further away still nearer the gate, and will begin to realise that there is pressure. This will put him on the alert for danger, and he will stop feeding to watch events. It is essential that he should be induced to move away, which he will do quietly if he is not excited. The oblique movement of the men will make him believe that they are not after him, more especially if they are instructed not to look at him, but to appear as if they were interested in looking for something in the grass—half-crowns perhaps. He wont like their presence and will continue to move away, and in course of time will discover the open gate and walk through it.

If the men had been walking direct on him,

shouting and waving their arms, his whole attention would have been so centred on them that he would not have seen the open gate behind him, and, in his scared condition, he would have determined instantly that the only way of escape was to bolt, through the widest gap in the advancing line of enemies, into the more open space beyond them. Convinced that he was in danger of his life, he would continue to race round the field, and it would take him at least a fortnight to get over the experience, and he would retain the impression that all men were his enemies.

But the silent pressure, slow and oblique advance, leaves no such impression on the mind of a wild unhandled horse. He has been inconvenienced, but that is all. When you have got him into the next field the day's work is done, because any horse put into a new pasture will gallop all round it in excited exploration before he quietens down to feed. If of his own accord he goes through the next gate, well and good, but don't try to force him. Your ultimate object is the speediest breaking of the animal, and by proceeding slowly at the beginning you are in reality making the quickest advance. You want to get him into the straw-yard, or stable, with the least disturbance to his equanimity. If he is terrified by the procedure, you will find him in such a condition of antagonism that it will

take many days, if not weeks, to overcome his repulsion to a man. It is speaking, of course, of a wild and most nervous horse that has never been handled, and one that can be permanently spoilt if brute force is used. Such a one can only be trained to lose his nervousness and wildness by methods, which so attract him to you that he will do anything, which you can make him understand you want done, from pure affection and love of you. He will have got used to the new field in twenty-four hours, so use the same method to get him into the next. He was not scared the first day, and on the second day he will be easy to manœuvre into the next field. If it takes a week to get him up to the straw-yard quite unscared, the time will have been well spent.

THE FIRST HANDLING

CHAPTER III

THE FIRST HANDLING

THE best thing is to get him with the old horse into a straw-yard, and for a day leave them together and take no notice of them, except to bring them a little hay, not too much, because you want both to be hungry on the day of the first encounter. The wild animal will have much to distract his attention, and, if left quietly alone, will go round snorting and smelling everything. The placid demeanour of the old horse will do much to give him confidence; and in twenty-four hours he will have so assimilated the novelty of his surroundings, that if you enter the yard he will be prepared to attend to you and nothing else. This first séance with the wild horse you must carry out by yourself, and no one must be allowed to approach the yard. His attention must be concentrated on you alone, to the exclusion of every other excitement. *Tie up all dogs.* Enter with as little noise as possible and quite slowly. Bring an armful of fresh hay with you; sit down

somewhere in the open, put the hay in front of you, and await developments.

All the time keep perfectly still and don't move a hand or a muscle. The old horse will come up to feed and the wild one will follow, but will keep at a distance, wistfully eyeing the hay, but not daring to come so close to you as to reach it. Just sit there quite motionless, without making the least sound or movement, and you will have a most amusing time. With many snorts and strong breathings the wild one will come up, hesitate and break away over and over again, but piqued by the munching of the old horse and the smell of the hay he will always come back. His object is the hay, but his eye is on you all the while and the snorts are tests of the situation. Keep dead still, for you are now breaking the horse faster than you know. He is making up his mind about you, and you can tell how he is getting on from the character of his snorts. He will break away and come back again a dozen times or more, every now and then shortening his distance as a try on. All his attention is now on you, and on one of his returns try the effect upon him of a cheerful chirrup, not too loud to scare. Probably he will jump back with a snort, but if he likes the sound of it he wont be long away. Placate him by pushing the hay, on one of his absences, so that he finds it a little nearer to him on his return. Have

patience and play this game to the end, when, if he is hungry, he will the quicker snatch his first wisp of hay and make off with it. Wild horse as he is, you have established confidential relations with him, for he has found out that, under certain circumstances, you are not much to be feared. Keep dead quiet and he will soon be back for another wisp, which he will again carry off; and so on, with less nervousness and more confidence every time, until, still keeping a watchful eye on you all the time, he concludes that it is not necessary to carry it off and starts munching in earnest. Just sit there and talk to him. After a while move your hands and arms, just a little, and very slowly. He will have his eye on them; but, at the very first quick movement, he will be off in panic, and all the snorting business will have to be gone through again; with the added difficulty that a great suspicion has arisen in his mind that you are not altogether what he took you to be. On the other hand, if you play your part with great adroitness and tact, disarming his every apprehension, you may be rewarded with an actual nibble at a wisp in your hand, extended so slowly that he almost thinks it grew like that. The horse is a beast of splendid courage, and remember that, in this first great interview, this wild thing, in any advance he makes to familiarity, is doing violence to all his hereditary

instincts to get away. If you get him, with a snort, to smell and touch your hand, it is triumph indeed. The presence of the old horse helps matters by his example of confidence, and shortens the time of attraction ; but, with patience and the utmost care, the wild horse, even if alone, can eventually be induced to come up to you and give you that touch on the fingers, which means the beginning of his friendship.

After the first touch of his nose on your fingers, the wild horse will want to touch them again. Keep your hand perfectly still ; and the second time there will not only be a touch, but a smell as well. It is his way of taking stock of you, and, if the smell is satisfactory, you are a made man as far as he is concerned. If you are sitting or lying on the ground, a horse will come up to you so much more readily than if you are standing up. To a foal, a man lying down is perfectly irresistible. Keep dead quiet, and by devious ways the foal will come up, and, after a little hesitation, you will feel somewhere just the tip of a wee soft nose. Then somewhere else another touch, and another, and if your savour is good, there follows a downright good smelling all over. Then that foal is yours ; and you can do anything you like with him, provided you make no sound and all your movements are dead slow. So with the wild horse, the first nervous

sniff will assuredly be followed by another and no doubt a snort. The great art is to keep most perfectly still. The next touch will be a little bolder, with quite a good smell of your hand. After two or three smells, very slowly put your arm down by your side. You have got a friend now, and the friend's nose will be stretched out hesitatingly, as one who does not quite know how the polite attention will be received, just to touch your sleeve about the elbow. Encourage all his enquiries, and let him smell you wherever he likes—he won't hurt you.

Then, on one of his absences, slowly stand up. This is a new phase to the wild horse, at which he is a little alarmed, and all that you did sitting down will have to be done over again. It is curious how quickly a horse gets confidence if all goes right, so the repetition, standing, will take much less time, and at the end you will find yourself able to take little liberties with him, such as stroking his nose; first, with a wisp of hay, which he will try to eat, and then, with your fingers. None of this time is being wasted. These things are not trivialities. You are awaking in the horse an interest in yourself personally, and confidence that all these strange things you are doing are meant friendly, and that in no case will he be hurt.

Then for a while pay him no attention at all. Put a headstall on the old horse, tie him up

so that he cannot move away, pat him, stroke him and handle him all over fore and aft. Give him some hay and generally make a great fuss of him. The wild horse will move off a little way to regard this new thing. He will take full stock of it. He will see this strange biped taking all sorts of liberties with the old horse, and that, so far from the old horse objecting to anything that is being done to him, he loves it. Stroke the old horse's face, his eyes, pull his ears, scratch him under the mane, lift his legs, go all round him, scratch his back, and, when you have done, lean your back against the old horse, pick up a piece of hay, face the wild one, and hold it out to him. He is still hungry, and, ten to one, after a little hesitation, he will come up to you and take it. When it is done, very *very* slowly stoop down and pick up some more, and, as slowly rise up. As you stoop down the wild horse will start a little and draw back; for this is another strange thing, and he does not know what to make of it. Wait a little, and hold the hay out again, and once more he will come up hesitatingly and take it.

Repeat this quite a number of times and you will see the confidence of the wild horse grow every time. This may well end your first lesson, and, as you go, lead the old horse with you up to the gate and made a little more fuss with him, before you loose him and go out.

This also will give the wild horse something more to think about. Let no one else go to the straw-yard, or much that you have done will be undone.

The next day, *tie up all dogs*, and do the same thing. Tie up the old horse and sit down with the hay at your feet. Hand up a little to the old nag and the wild one, quite hungry, will not be long before he comes to you for some. Go through the same programme, which will take much less time, but do not forget to make all your movements just as slow. Now make another advance. Bring a flexible cutting whip with you, and, as you present the hay to the wild horse, hold the whip in the same hand, so that the knob is masked by, but projects just a little beyond the hay. He won't take any notice of it, and will go for the hay. As he pulls at the hay let the knob end just touch the side of his face. He may draw back a little, but he will again come for the hay, so let it touch him again. He will soon get used to it, and you can push the knob end out a little further, to touch his cheek. It will annoy him a little at first, but he will soon get used to it and won't bother so long as he gets the hay. Gradually push the knob out further so that you touch him gently on the side of the neck. He doesn't like it very much, but resigns himself to the annoyance on account of the hay, and in a little while

you will be able to rub him on the neck quite hard. Go through it all again two or three times, so that he is quite used to seeing the whip and being rubbed by it on the face, cheek and neck. Do it on the other side, progressing just as gradually. Now take the hay in one hand and the whip in the other, and, slowly and gently, go through the process with the whip in full sight, every movement being dead slow. Turn the whip round so that you present the flexible end to him, repeating the process, first with one hand and then with the other. By this time he will have ceased to make any objection to being rubbed by the whip, and you can gradually extend the range of operations to his shoulders, wither, and chest. Then while you do this begin to talk to him cheerily and watch his eyes and the play of his ears. With experience, if you watch both, you can almost tell what a horse is thinking of.

Next day, *after tieing up all the dogs*, in a sort of House-that-Jack-Built progression go through the whole thing again, from the very beginning. The horse's strongest point is his memory, and he will know quite well what is coming and will raise little if any objection. In fact, by this time, his confidence in you will have so increased that you can go to work more boldly with the whip-rubbing part. He will have got to like it, and, by holding the hay a bit back, he will come much closer

to you; so that you can rub his back and flanks with the whip and occasionally touch his neck with your fingers. The finger touches at first should be as light as possible, and infrequent. It is a great concession on the part of the wild horse to allow you to touch him at all, and you must give him time to think about it and consider whether any outrage is intended, or not. With the first light touches, he won't be sure whether anything was intended or not, but, as they go on without hurting him in any way, he will conclude that he has no reason to object.

Now any horse, when he comes up from grass, has a more or less itchy skin, and the skin of a wild horse, who has always from a foal been in the open, will be more so. From the light touches proceed to light rubs, and watch his eyes and ears. As long as his ears are forward, all is well. Half-way down the neck is the best place to begin to rub with more pressure. If he likes it he will keep his ears forward; if he is not sure, one ear will be forward and the other a bit back; if he doesn't like it, both ears will be momentarily brought back, with just a gleam of white in the eye. But he has suffered many things at your hands, which at first he hardly approved but turned out better than he expected, so that, even on this mighty question of the actual touch of the biped, he is inclined to risk consent, and

eventually does do so. Imperceptibly turn the rubbing into the gentlest scratching. It may be a great coup—the greatest coup. If he stops eating hay to rub his neck against your nails, you have got him body and soul. You have only got to extend the area of the operation judiciously, inch by inch, across the shoulders keeping well below the wither, then upwards to the middle of his back, to have him in a state of perfect ecstasy. He will utterly surrender to you, forgetful of every other consideration, if only he can enjoy that perfectly entrancing scratching of his back. Begin it gently with the one hand, and as he realises that this particular place that he has never been able to get at himself, is actually going to be scratched for him, as he had never dreamed in his life to get it titillated, he will bend down and give you his whole-souled co-operation for just as long as you like to continue the contract. Get both hands on to the job, and the harder you scratch the more he will love it.

The back scratch has an extraordinary effect upon him. He will turn his head slowly to one side, and then to the other. He will draw down his head and his neck pulling them back, with all the muscles taut, until he looks like a Greek horse on the frieze of the Parthenon. He will stretch his nose out and curl up his lip, as though he were trying to ape an ele-

phant's trunk. He will waggle his ears about and close his eyes; open his mouth, and stretch out his tongue; stand on one leg, and then on another; stamp with them; go down on his knees in a paroxysm of ecstasy, get up again, and even lie down. Stop, even for a moment, and he will look round to enquire why all this joy has come to an end; will jog you with his nose, and present his back for renewed attention.

Then with one hand, still titillating his back, with the other scratch his mane, the whole of his neck, his chest, his flanks, his girth, and especially his forelegs as far as you can reach, lifting them at the knee if he will allow you. He will want you to do it all again, and this time, facing his shoulder, get your hands on either side of his neck, scratch it all over; then get to his shoulders and up to the wither. Then press your weight against his chest and shoulders, as your hands pass over the wither on to his back. He won't object, and will most probably return the pressure to help you to get your fingers further along his back.

Walk slowly away and he will come after you. Let him come up to you, and scratch him a little again, and go on. He will follow you, so stop and give him some more. Bring him right up to the gate, give him a last scratch on the back and vanish. There will be a wild horse with his head over the gate, looking to

see where that perfectly beautiful man has gone.

* * * * *

It is enough to know the scheme and principles of this first handling. It can be varied, in respect of its details, to suit the peculiarities of every kind of horse. It is applicable to every horse of every age—stallions, geldings, mares, foals and fillies. The younger they are, the more quickly they respond to its influence. Its great merit is that the animal is at full liberty, and under no kind of constraint.

The horse responds because he wants to respond. There is no coercion. The most savage stallion, brutalised and terrorised by the most ignorant of grooms, whose only method of handling him has been with a pitchfork, will respond to it in time, as soon as he learns that you are of a different order to the cruel beast who has had charge of him. Confidence comes first, and affection follows.

Of all the animals on earth none has been created of such nobility of character, not even man, for there is nothing mean about the horse—and there are many mean men. Watch the poorest of half-starved beasts in the London streets, ribs showing through scars ; look at the expression of his eyes and the curves of his mouth as he struggles with a load infinitely

Rohan and Romford, 1906
Father on Father, and Son on Son

Playmates in the Paddock, 1906

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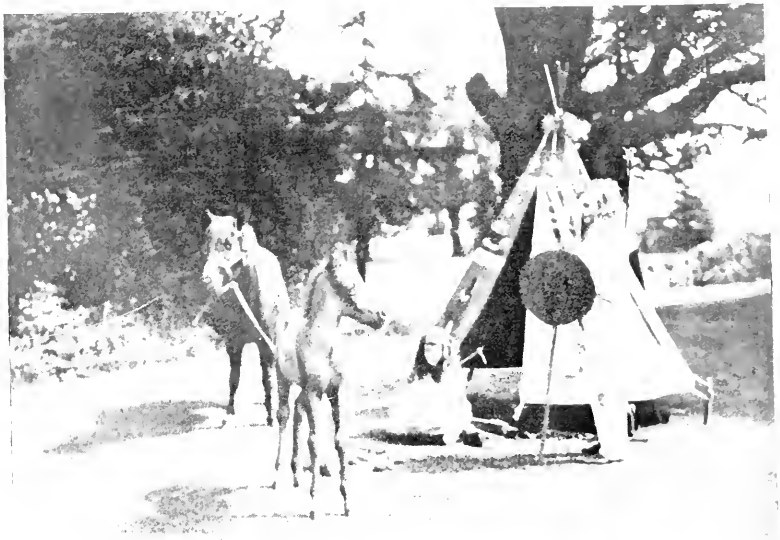
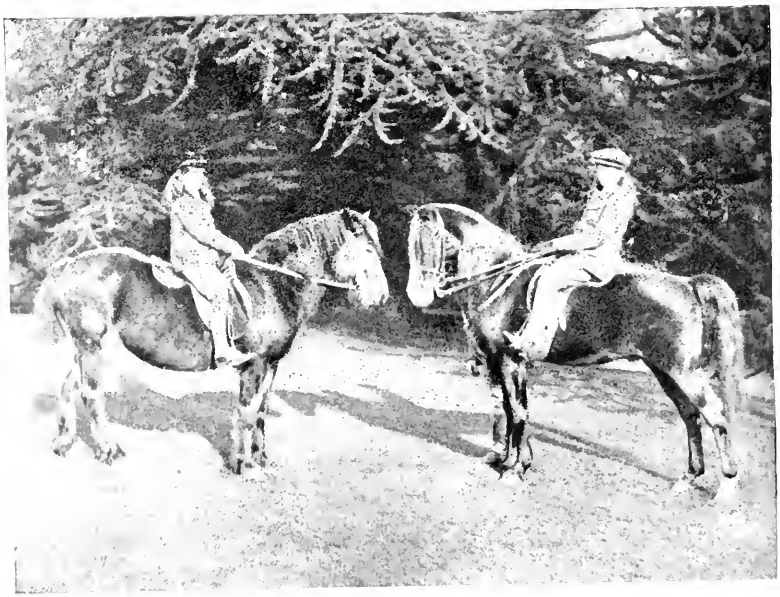


Playing at "Wild Injuns," 1906



Betty on Kitty VIII. Iris on Rohan, 1906

(To face page 37

too heavy for him ; think of the bodily weakness braced up in that poor small body by a most magnificent courage ; striving to pull and to keep on pulling—till he falls. The curves and play of the muscles of the mouth of a horse, pulling his best, tell of the courage and great soul that is in him. Wounded, in pain, suffering hunger and thirst, waiting for the end, there can be no more pathetic picture of hardships borne unflinchingly with patience and perfect dignity. All horses are fit for heaven ; but only a few men.

Few can get close enough to the mind and soul of a horse to appreciate to the full how noble and beautiful is his character. To possess the whole-souled affection and love of a horse, and many are capable of the greatest affection, is an exquisitely perfect experience. To have the power of attracting such affection, and to know how to reciprocate it, is privilege and pleasure beyond all price.

THE SECOND HANDLING

CHAPTER IV

THE SECOND HANDLING

THE scheme of the first handling has been the voluntary attraction of the horse, when at full liberty, to the trainer. At its end the old horse can be removed from the straw-yard. There is no longer any advantage in his presence; as the wild horse, who to you is no longer wild, has now no fear of you and will welcome your coming. He will of his own accord come right up to you at the gate, and, in a day or two, will salute your arrival with a delighted neigh.

The scheme of the second handling is the very gradual coercion of the horse, until you have full control of his movements. Like the first handling, it must be done so slowly and gradually that he does not realise that he is being coerced or controlled. You must so manœuvre things that he does voluntarily what you want him to do. When a horse gets really fond of you it is a pleasure to him to do for you whatever you can make him understand you want him to do. Some horses

—Arabs for instance—have much greater intelligence than others, and can grasp quicker what you want done; but in every case, in order that you should the more clearly convey to the willing mind of the horse what you want him to do, the steps of advance should always be *very small.* It is the splendid memory of the horse which is your greatest help in training him, for he will never forget anything you teach him. He will remember all the little steps of advance of a most complex course, up to the apex of some really wonderful circus achievement. Once the horse really loves you, he will do for you willingly, and take a pride in doing it, no matter how difficult, anything of which he is anatomically capable. That is the sole limitation. Provided you can plot out a scheme in little steps, going continuously right up to the most sensational spectacle that could possibly be thought out for him, he will do it, if anatomically he is capable of doing it.

He will do all this out of pure love of you, but it is a great help and saving of time if you can give him a little reward for his efforts to please; and he will love you all the more and attend to you all the more intelligently if you do so. Keep an old coat with a sugar pocket in it, and don't be afraid to put your hand in it. Talk to him exactly as if you were trying to teach a young child. You will be astonished,

if you constantly use the same words for the same action, how quickly he will understand what you say to him. Keep a cheery voice for him all the time, for he will love your voice and attend to it right promptly. Watch his ears; the play he makes with them, when he is trying to understand you, is a treat to see. It is the inflections of your voice which he follows the most readily. A rough word spoken to him will send up his heart beats twenty a minute. Don't do it. At the most use a tone of surprise or remonstrance. It is quite enough.

The above is by way of preliminary. The old horse has gone, and you have your disciple to yourself for the first time. *Tie up all dogs*, then go through all the previous performances again right up to the scratching, to which he will surrender himself still more freely. Stand at his shoulder and scratch gradually along his mane up to his ears. Try to scratch between them and down to his forelock. He may not like it at first, but persevere. Go up again to the forelock and scratch very gently at the root of the ears. First time, he will shake his head and move away. This was just a bit too much. Don't move after him, but stand where you were. He will come back to you. Keep steady and do nothing. This is disappointing. He will shake his head once or twice, and out will come that soft nose for a

smell. Still do nothing. This is strange, and the nose will be rubbed against you to wake you up. Wake up, step to the shoulder, and do a little pacifying back scratching, carry it along the neck and up to the forelock and ear again. You have got to have that ear and both of them. Persevere, you will get them both.

Use judgment in these matters. Don't risk real annoyance. Go back to something else. You will get your way in time, and the sooner for not worrying him. Don't let any séance be too long. Walk away from the horse and sit down. He will go and munch a bit of hay. Leave him to it for a while. Don't let there be too much hay, and when he has finished it he will move about and eventually come up for some more conversation with you.

Have a little surprise for him. Although he has been a wild horse at grass all his life, he has had a bit of chop with oats, brought to the field manger in winter time, and knows what oats are. Have a few in a basket. My hat, he says, this fellow who scratches my back actually has OATS ! You will rise in his estimation one thousandfold on the spot.

So you are a *Scratcher* and *Master of Oats !* And, from such a man, much can be endured. You haven't got to the sugar stage yet, so for a while keep oats in the sugar pocket. Scratch the back ; go down to the chest ; go on to the forearm ; scratch the knee, rub the cannon

bone; go down to the pastern. First two or three times when you get to the pastern, he will lift up his foot and make a sweep in the air. It will amuse him, and, when you get to the knee next time, he will make a sweep at once. Put your hand in your pocket and bring some oats out. He will go for them a little roughly, waste most, but will get some and vote you a very decent fellow; so that, when you go for the knee again and he lifts it up, he will allow you to hold it up and shake it. He will respond with the sweep, so slip your hand down to the pastern and hold his leg out as straight as you can. Do it two or three times, and he will be quite interested in the new game and let you do it freely. Next time, run the left hand down to the pastern, and, when you lift the near leg up, rest it on your own knee, and, with the right hand, scratch his knee and the forearm, topside and bottom, and inside and outside. He will like it, and in a little time you can take liberties with his leg, bending his knee and bringing the foot up to the elbow, and shaking it there. Besides his neck and ears, you are now master of his near fore leg; and, if, each time you play this game, it ends with half a mouthful of oats, he is ready to take his part in it just as often as you like.

The leg lifting game is, however, but the preliminary to by far the most important

adventure in the training course you are carrying out. You have grown to be his delightful companion and playfellow, and he is not a bit afraid of you ; but you are going to demonstrate to him (by illusion) that you are by far the stronger animal physically, and that, although you are so strong that you have been able to down him with ease, you have not hurt him the least bit, and, so far from doing so, have petted and comforted him in the misfortune which has so surprisingly overtaken him.

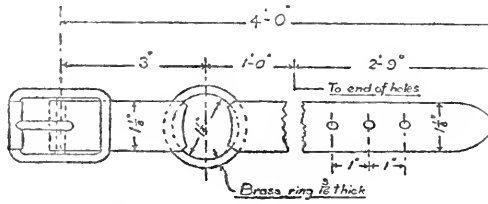


Fig. 1

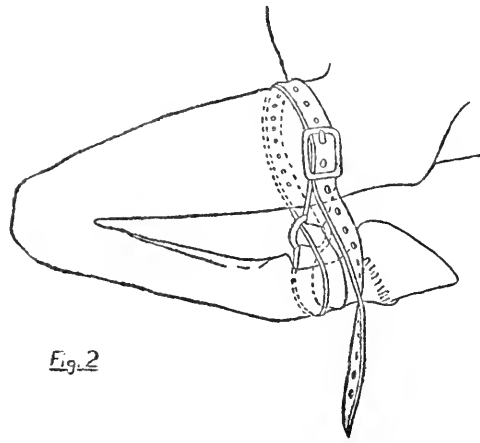


Fig. 2

In preparation for this exploit you have provided yourself with the strap of the dimensions shown in Fig. 1 of this sketch.

In Fig. 2 its application is shown to the near foreleg, which it tightly holds up, so that the horse is on three legs. Nothing that he can do can displace it. To use it, have the buckle outside; slip the tail piece through the legs; bring it round the near pastern; pass it through the ring, and tighten on the pastern, holding the tailpiece in the left hand. Lift the foot up to the elbow with the right hand, at the same time pulling the strap up taut with the left hand on the inside of the forearm. Throw the tail piece over the top of the forearm as near the chest as possible, the foot being kept up by the pull on the strap, and with the right hand pass the strap through the buckle and tighten up to the nearest hole. It must be fairly tight when the foot is released.*

*In an enclosure where no harm can befall him, it is much better that the horse should be thrown, or rather throw himself, as described here, with a single legstrap on the near foreleg. The psychological effect upon the unbroken horse is better; but when it is desired to throw a broken horse in the open field with bridle or training halter upon him, then, after strapping up the near foreleg to put him on three legs, pass the buckle end of a long strap over the pastern of the off foreleg, draw it tight, so that it cannot slip off the pastern, and pass it over the horse's back, so that you hold it in your right hand while you hold the bridle in your left, facing the horse's shoulder. If you are young and active, you can bring the biggest horse down in about twenty minutes, leaving

Try slipping the legstrap on the old horse first, not on the disciple. There is a knack in putting it on, and, with practice, it can be done so swiftly that the horse has no time to resist.

Pat him and stand aside. He won't know at all what to make of it. He will probably put his nose down and touch his knee, to try and understand what has happened. Then he will throw his head up, and strike out with the bound foreleg, a dozen times. No good. He will make a step forward with the free fore-

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the impression upon him that, as an animal, you are physically so much stronger than he is that it is useless for him to resist you. The good impression is formed by the massage and petting which you give him when he is lying exhausted and helpless on the ground. The action is commenced by a rearward pull on the bridle, which will cause the horse to lift the off fore foot from the ground. At that instant you pull up the strap fastened on the pastern on the off foreleg and hold it tightly in your right hand, so that he cannot straighten the off foreleg. He then comes down on both knees (on which you have put knee-caps) and the fight begins. He will rear and come down again on his knees, and will continue this until, steaming with perspiration, he becomes so completely exhausted that he can rear no more; and you pull him over on his side. Then carry on, as related in this chapter. This handling of a horse and the subsequent petting has the very remarkable effect, upon even the most vicious horse, of imbuing him with a strong personal affection for yourself, and when you allow him to get up, he will not leave you, but will follow you anywhere, just like a dog. Although the author has thrown many hundreds of horses in this manner, and the fights put up by some have been phenomenal, he has never known a horse to be strained or receive any other injury, nor has he injured himself. Begin with a small pony, who will most efficiently teach you all the points of the game.

leg, and again strike out with the bound leg. Still no good. He will snort and get a bit excited and hop forward half a dozen times, stop, and strike out with the bound leg for all he is worth. Still no good. He may rear four or five times and swing round on his hind legs, come down and strike out again. He will begin to sweat and steam, and the more he rears and strikes out the better, for he is fat and is taking it out of himself. Keep quite still and don't move about. All the while he will keep an eye on you, connecting you in some way with his predicament, not resentfully, but not understanding how you have put this spell upon him. Up he will rear again and swing away from you, then hop half way round the yard, the heavy going helping to take more out of him. He will come to a stand, draw himself up and look at you. About now begin to speak to him with a tone in your voice of commiseration. Move a step or two towards him, speaking very kindly. Quite likely he will come up to you and rub his head against your shoulder. Pat him, for he is in trouble, and he will appreciate your sympathy. Then move back again. He will shake the bound leg again and bite perhaps at the upheld knee, for the unbalanced weight is tiring the muscles of his chest and shoulders. Once more he will brace himself up to the effort of fighting his bonds, striking out with perhaps

more energy than before. By this time he will be drenched with sweat and steaming in clouds, while here and there on his body are flecks of white foam. He is getting deadly tired, and the pains of fatigue in his muscles are increasing. As he hops round the yard there is a tendency, now and then, to drop the bound leg, so you may be sure it won't be long before he gives in. Keep on talking to him, and follow him round on the inside of his circle just a yard or two away, and stop when he stops. He will turn his head round and look at you. Give him a gentle rub on the nose and a pat or two on the neck, and, in response, he will give a feeble wag or two of the leg. Now incite him to go on, and, if he hesitates, give him a little tap behind with the whip. He won't go far. Pat him on the neck and start him again with quite a gentle tap. He may make a last attempt to rear, but it will be too much for him, and, when he comes down, he will do so on both knees, and with his nose on the ground to help to steady him. There, quite likely, he may stop for a quarter of a minute or longer. Talk to him, but don't go too near him, as the relief from the strain on his muscles may encourage him to get up again, and, if so, he will almost certainly swing round and attempt another high rear. But it will be his last effort, and when he comes down it will be on his knees, and he will roll

right over on his side, in a state of entire exhaustion and collapse, and covered with foam. He will shut his eyes and lie motionless, like a dead thing.

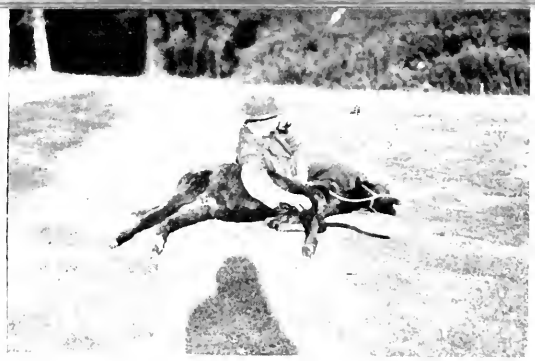
The fight may last from half an hour to an hour, according to the condition and disposition of the horse. The more the horse fights and wearies himself, the quicker it will be over; and the more good it will do to him, for the effect will be the more decisive. Nearly all horses fight well, and sometimes you will get a magnificent display from a hero who won't give in. Somewhat rarely, you will come across an equine Conscientious Objector who will show very little fight, and will be content to hop about on three legs for quite a long time, and even occupy himself in looking out for wisps of hay, but they all do lie down sooner or later and become amenable to the treatment now to be described. No instances are known of horses injuring themselves in this form of subjugation. The horse is not frightened at any time from start to finish, for he is free to do what he likes. It is not at all the same thing as throwing a horse forcibly, with half a dozen men struggling with ropes and shouting around him, to his mortal terror. In the system set out in these notes, brutality and terrorising is ruled out of court—*absolutely*. It is not only morally wrong to terrorise an animal so highly organised as the

horse, but it is an act of sheer idiotcy, if the ruffian, who perpetrates it, desires the horse afterwards to become his willing servant.

It is somewhat remarkable that, although the horse undoubtedly always connects you with his fight and believes that it is your power and strength which vanquishes him, he never shows the slightest trace of resentment, and will always freely offer his leg to be strapped up on the subsequent occasions. He is a generous-hearted beast.

When you have the horse lying down so exhausted that he is lost to the world, then arrives your great opportunity. Approach him so that he can see you when you speak to him. Kneel down slowly at his head, and say to him all the kind and endearing things you can think of. Rub his forehead and pass the flat of your hand over his eyes, rub his nose, his cheeks, and, if you have had previously any difficulty with them, especially his ears. Open his lips and play with them. Put your hand through the bars of his mouth and touch and handle his tongue. Nothing whatever that you do to him will he resent. Massage his head all over, talking to him all the while, and when you have finished with his head rise up very slowly and pass round to his back, kneeling down again behind his mane. From this new position massage his head once more, still talking to him. Then take the neck,

(*a*)



(*c*)

(*b*)

(*d*)

How to Handle a foal

(*a*) The fore leg tied by special strap
(*b*) A gentle pull on the off-rope rein

(*c*) Once down pet him a little
(*d*) The lesson over he is well in hand

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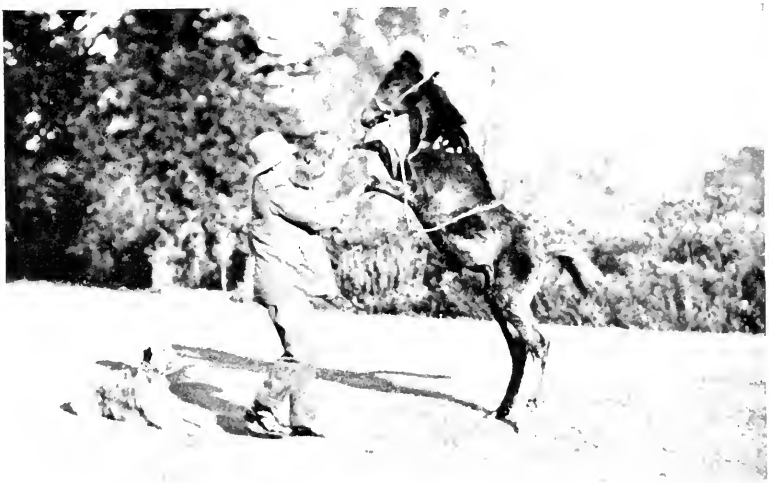
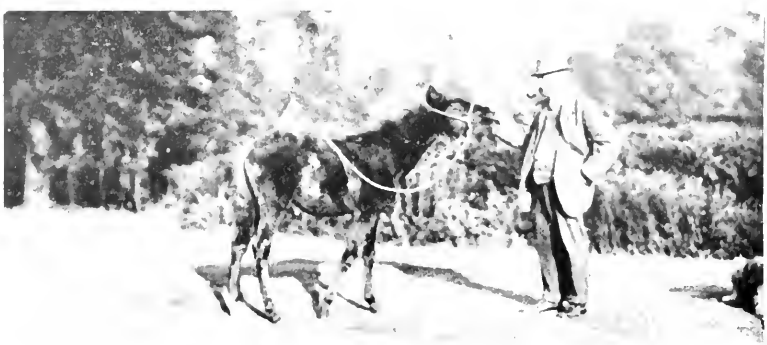


1. Lifting him to his hind legs

2. Teaching him confidence



3. A lump of sugar as reward

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massaging it all along from the head to the shoulder, continuing your conversation at intervals. Move now to the wither and massage that, then all along and around his body, beginning at his spine and gradually working over his flanks to his stomach. Every now and then go back to his head, and run your hands over his ears, eyes, and nose, with a few more words. Work lightly along the neck and back to where you left off before. Pat him all along, and increase the strength of the pats until they are almost spanks. There is not a single square inch of his body that you must leave untouched. Pass your hands between his forelegs along his stomach to his sheath and between his thighs. Massage his rump and his tail. Move it about and handle it well. Go back and handle his gullet and throat. You will find he is still keeping his eyes shut, in supreme enjoyment of what you are doing to him. He has experienced the weight of your body, when you were leaning over to massage his chest and stomach. Leave off work for a bit and very gently sit on his shoulder, keeping your hands playing about his neck and mane, and speaking to him. Get up and go round his head once more, playing with his face, run down the neck to the shoulders and chest; and now begin to handle his forelegs, rubbing them up and down, pinching the tendons, and finishing with his feet.

Leave the strap on the near foreleg alone. When the forelegs are finished go behind him again to his rump, and work along his buttocks, stifles, and thighs, inside and out, and down to his hocks, legs and feet. The whole process takes from twenty to twenty-five minutes.

Go back and sit on his shoulder, watch events, and give him an occasional pat. He will have opened his eyes when you sat down on him and closed them again. Keep quiet, and he will gradually realise that the massage performance is over, and with it his great fatigue has passed away. But he is feeling so comfortable, and he likes your little attentions so much, that he is not especially keen to get up. When he is nearly ready, he will open his eyes wide and perhaps shift his head a little to try and get a squint at you. Get up slowly, keeping a hand on his withers, and he will probably roll up on to a level keel. Move a step forward, talk to him and play with his mane and neck, and he will probably be content to remain like that for a minute or two before attempting to rise.

The near leg is still strapped up, and, as soon as he puts out the off fore in the attempt to get up, stand aside and let him do so. Now he will do one of two things; and you can never be quite sure which. He will either make three of four attempts to get up, and, finding his near leg still bound, will give it up

and throw himself on his side again, or he will succeed in getting up and, feeling refreshed, will have a bit more fight. But the second fight won't last long, and, remembering how pleasant it was when he was down, he soon subsides.

In either case, do a bit of massage again especially of the head and ears, which will please him, and take this opportunity to halter him, which you can easily do, for, by bunching the halter and rubbing his head and ears with it to get him accustomed to its feel and smell, he will think it is part of the massage process. Keep on rubbing his face while you slip it on, and he won't know anything about it.

Encourage the horse to get on a level keel again and sit on his back, and, while there, get a little tension on the halter rope, which should lie on the off side of his neck. Now for the oats again! Lean over as you sit and give him a smell of the oats with your *right* hand, and pull on the halter rope with the *left*. Ordinarily he might resist the pull; but the smell of the oats brings his head round sharp, and you must hold him with bent neck, with the left hand, while he eats them out of your right hand, and asks for more. Give him some more, keeping his neck well bent with the halter. After he has finished the oats, move back from him and, using both hands,

pull hard, but not jerkily, on the halter. With his bent neck you have an enormous leverage on him, and, even if he is the biggest Shire Stallion in Great Britain, he has got to roll over on his side again. Do this several times. Get him up on to the level keel, sit on his back and play with him a bit, and then with a strong pull bring him down on his side again. The oftener you repeat this, the more the horse will realise his utter inability to resist. From the first he has had a dim idea that it was you who were holding his leg up so that he could not get it free, and, now that you pull him over like this, no further evidence is necessary, and he is quite certain of it. He is convinced that you are an animal so enormously stronger than he is, that it is quite hopeless to attempt to resist you ; and besides, why should he resist you, when you have proved so conclusively to him that, no matter what strange things you do to him, he will not only *not be hurt*, but will derive great pleasure from all your various handlings ?

You have now established the following position in your horse's mind :—

(*a.*) You are an amusing and delightful companion, whom it is a pleasure to be with.

(*b.*) You know about and produce hay, when he is hungry ; water, when he is thirsty ; but, above everything else,

you smell of OATS, carry OATS, and actually give OATS with your hand !

(*c.*) You are enormously stronger than he is. Nevertheless not only do you not hurt him, but you give him all sorts of strange pleasures he has never known before.

(*d.*) It is safe and pleasant to trust any part of his body to be handled by you.

(*e.*) It is safe, and not unpleasant, to allow you to lean, lie and sit upon his body.

(*f.*) When a strange pull from you comes upon the head, it has to be obeyed and followed because it *must.* Anyway, why any resistance, when nothing to hurt follows ?

A dog looks upon a man as a God immeasurably above him, and fawns upon him. A horse, in the most perfect and intimate relationship with a man, regards him as his *equal,* his honoured comrade, to whom it is his delight to give precedence and to serve, but socially his *equal* and no more. It is just his most beautiful sense of equality and comradeship, which, when a man has the wit or gift fully to perceive and understand it, makes the horse such a priceless companion and friend. To win the real active love of a horse is a wonderful experience, something to remember and be thankful for, for all one's life. It is so pure and unselfish. He will do any-

thing for you, which you can make him understand you want done. He will protect you, and savage anything that tries to attack you. Love illumines his intelligence, and the stories of the horse picking his wounded master up by his clothing, and carrying him off the battlefield to safety, are *true.*

You have got your horse pulled over on his side. He is not the least bit afraid of you, and you can take any kind of liberty with him. If you are young and lusty you can now make a great coup, which will save a whole heap of time. Carry the halter rope round the neck, and tie the loose end to the other side of the halter nose band, to make a bridle and rein.* Undo the strap on the near foreleg, straighten out the leg and massage it thoroughly, which will be a great relief to the horse. Go behind him, get on his body and encourage him to roll up on a level keel. Put your arms round his neck, play with him and encourage him to rise. He will do so, but continue to talk to him and to make play with your hands, to give him time to make up his mind about this strange thing on his back. Never let active trouble with a horse have a chance of arising. If there is the least risk of it you can always tell, and "right there" do something that favourably distracts the horse's thoughts into

*The author has developed a halter especially designed for horse-taming and training operations.

another channel. It is so much easier to *avoid* than to *overcome* trouble. Fetch out a handful of oats, hold it out to him in the right hand and pull his head round to it by the halter-bridle. He recognises that the weight on his back is the Master of Oats, and all risk of trouble is at an end. Pat him and make a great fuss with him, and work about a bit on his back for a little; then ask him to move on. Lo! you are riding the wild horse and the odd thing is that he makes not the faintest objection! Take him all round the straw-yard, backwards and forwards, stop him, move him on again until he responds promptly to every direction and indication of your will. Then slip down *slowly* from his back, pet him some more, and administer just a trifle of oats. Move off, and he will follow you. Wherever you go he will follow, with his nose a little in advance of your elbow, and, when you stop he will stop, and most probably rub his nose or neck against you. As the quickest means of promoting confidence, affection, and smart response to your desires, the throwing of the horse and the massage which follows, exactly as in the methods described, cannot be even approached by any other system of treatment.

Untie the halter rope, and move off again with it in your hand. He will follow as before, close up to you, without any pull on the rope, just because he likes to be near you. But

you want to teach him the pull, and to attend to it. Move off at right angles to his course; because, in so doing, you exert the maximum of leverage on his neck. He will come round and in three or four minutes he will have learned that he is to follow the pull wherever it leads and will assist in this new game with all good will and pleasure. When you bid him adieu at the gate, he will cry out in distress because he cannot follow.

Repeat the whole process on three or four days. The second day there may be a bit of a fight, and on the third still less. On the fourth day he will probably lie down within half a minute of the strap being put on. Now say "lie down" to him each time in a voice of authority, and, in a week, he will do so, by giving him the word and lifting up his near foot. In eight or ten days, say the word and tap the near leg with the whip, and you will find it sufficient. In a fortnight, he will lie down to the word of command alone.

The First and Second Handlings should be carried out by yourself alone, for it is of paramount importance that the horse should give you his undivided attention all the time. If you wish any spectators of your prowess, they must be concealed from the horse and keep perfectly quiet. Peepholes or a lattice meet the case; but above all *tie up that infernal dog.*

TRAINING TO SADDLE

CHAPTER V

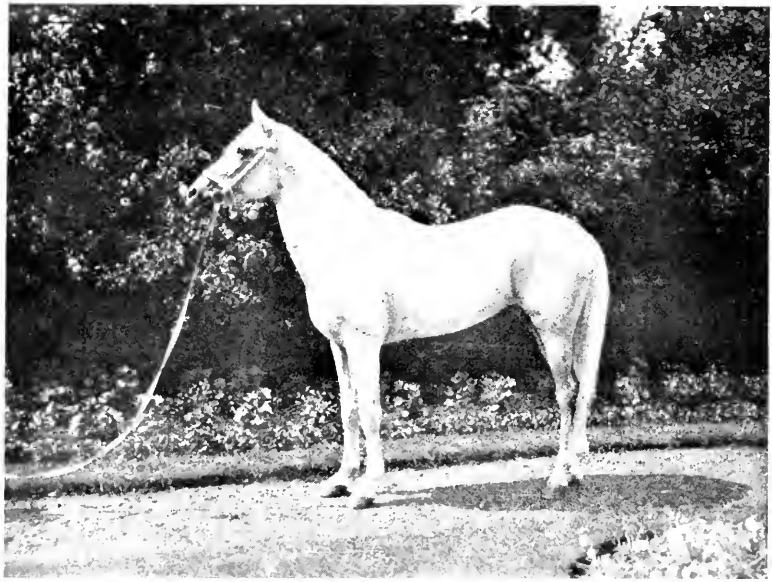
TRAINING TO SADDLE

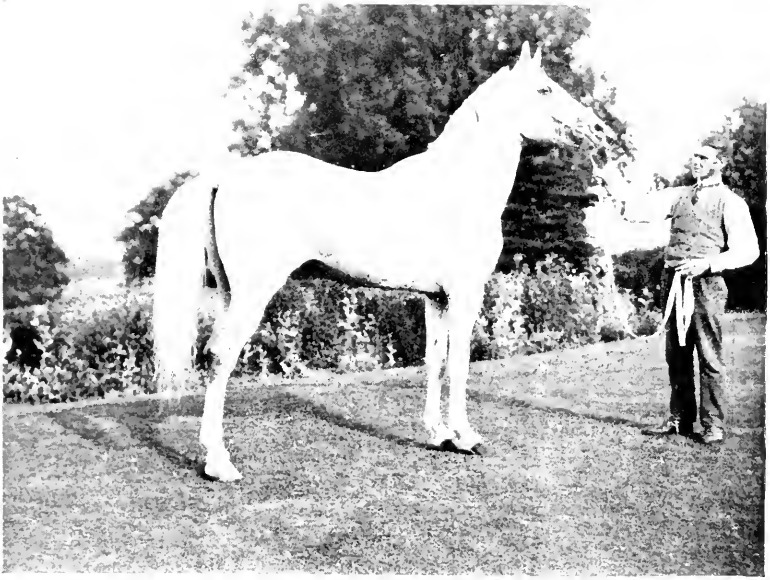
IF you have effected the coup suggested at the end of the last chapter, and backed your horse as he rose at the end of the massage séance, you will have very little trouble in training him to saddle. But for various good reasons you may have preferred not to attempt this, although, as a matter of fact, it is attended with very little risk, either as to the unsettling of the horse, or of damage to yourself. If you elect *not* to try it—proceed with the haltering of the horse as first directed, but leave the end of the halter rope loose and throw it on his neck. Instead of riding him round the straw-yard, let him follow you quite loose, which he will do, and stop, when you stop. Then take the end of the halter, keeping it slack, and let him follow you again without any pull. Make the first pull at right angles to his centre line and proceed as before.

Repeat the programme for the next three or four days, and, when he is thoroughly used

to the haltering and takes no notice of it, bring in a bridle and single reins, with a big snaffle bit. You have already handled his mouth, lips and tongue a lot, so you will have little trouble. Let him see the bridle and reins, which you should bundle up, and let him smell them all he wants. Rub his neck and head with the bundle while he is lying on his side, and he will think it is some new variation of the massaging process and will remain quite unconcerned. Let him get up on the even keel. Get the bit warm in your hand, or by pressing it on his neck to get the chill off, and, while you are playing with his mouth, just slip it in and *go on massaging.* He may not like it and may resist a little; if so, remember the oats, and he will forget all about the bit in his eagerness to get at the oats. While he is munching and thinking only of the oats, get the bridle gently over his ears and on his head, and buckle the throat-lash. The bit will bother him a little at first; but give him a few more oats and go on massaging, and by and by he will get quite used to this new disagreeable, and forget all about it.

With the bridle now on, pull him gently but forcibly from the even keel position on to his side, remembering to first bend his neck to get the leverage, which, whether he likes it or not, will make him come. He had got used to the halter pull and responded cheer-





Two photographs of Marzouk in 1906

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Hugh Calthrop on Fitz, 1919

Fitz, a battle-scarred hero, who served through the Palestine and Senussi Campaigns

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fully and without hesitation; but on this occasion you must be prepared to have to use rather more force, because the bit may hurt him a little and he may resist. Slack the pull the moment he is down, go to his head and make a fuss of him. He will forget all about the casual nip of the bit.

Let him get right up, and leave the rein loose on his neck. He will give renewed attention to the bit, which he champs and doesn't like. A few more oats, and stroke his nose and pat his neck. Gently bring the rein past his ears and over his head, and put it back again on his neck. Do this several times, until he takes no notice of it. Then with the rein quite slack, move ahead and he will follow you. Go through the same manœuvres as with the halter, until he is in all circumstances perfectly accustomed to the bridle and bit.*

Now to prepare him for the saddle. Get a rug circingle, show it to him and let him smell it all he wants. Bundle it and let him smell it again. Rub his head with it, then along his neck on to his back. Talk to him all the while. Run your arms through the rein, until

* A course of the use of the Cavasson bit for mouthing, to harden the mouth and gums, can be interposed here for those who prefer this system; but the author has broken so many horses and ponies to the bit in the simple manner described, giving them quite perfect mouths, that the Cavasson bit course is not essential.

you get the least pull on his mouth with your elbow, and can hold the bundled circingle with your left hand. With your right, lower the strap end of circingle slowly down his off side, taking care that it doesn't flap about. Lower until the whole length is on the off side, depending from the buckle end held in the left hand. Scratch him on the back with the right hand, then slowly, backwards and forwards, going lower along his near side down to his stomach. Keep on rubbing with your wrist, while you stretch your right hand under the stomach to lay hold of the circingle, and, when you have got it, continue the rubbing with your knuckles until, on the near side, you have raised the strap end up to the buckle held in the left hand. Buckle it gently without any squeezing and take him for a walk round the yard. Bring him to a stand and tighten the straps a little, and go for another walk. Repeat this until you have got the circingle well tightened up.

Get a stout sack, sew up the mouth end and make a small opening in the middle of one side. Place the sack lengthways across his back, so that the opening lies uppermost just above his spine. Tie the sack to the top of the circingle so it cannot slip off. Through the central opening put a stone weight of potatoes, half on each side. Take the horse by the bridle and walk and trot him round the yard. Put in another stone of potatoes, half on each

side, and take him round. Gradually increase the weight until you have four or five stone of potatoes on each side. You have thus nearly the weight of a man on his back. He will make no objection. Make him lie down, unbuckle the circingle and pull the load off his back.

Next day bring a saddle in, with girths, stirrup leathers, and irons. Show them to the horse and let him smell them all he wants. Rub the saddle along his neck, raise it at the wither and lower it on to his back. He will remember the sack and potatoes and make no objection. Gradually tighten the girths in the same manner as with the circingle. Put the sack over the saddle, and, as before, fill up gradually with potatoes. Manœuvre him in every way about the yard ; make him lie down and get up again with the load. Do this two or three times.

Next day follow the same programme with the saddle and sack ; but, on the second time of lying down, get rid of the load and take its place yourself. He will get up with you on his back, and make little or no fuss about doing so. Talk to him and play with his neck and head before moving him on. Then ride him slowly at walking pace all round the yard with stops, and, when quite used to it, quicken his pace and ultimately let him trot. It will be heavy going in the straw-yard, but it is

well to give him his first experience there, preparatory to work outside, because it is so easy to stop him, and it is most important to teach him to slow down, or to stop dead, at your direction.

Do not be in a hurry to mount by the stirrup. Dismount by it several times first, so that he becomes accustomed to the lop-sided weight. As you lead him about the yard on foot, stop and put all the weight you can on the near stirrup by your hand. Do this a number of times. Put a box near a corner of the yard, so that by standing on it you get a lift.

The horse's head should face the corner, so that he can't go forward. Stand on the box and try your foot in the stirrup several times, putting more and more weight on it. With your foot in the stirrup, lean over the saddle and put weight on it. Do it several times, and, when he stands perfectly quiet, take the opportunity to put your leg across and seat yourself. Sit there and play with him. Don't move away. Get off on to the box and seat yourself again. Do it a number of times. You are teaching him to understand that this kind of exercise is to be performed on his back while he stands quite still. Mount in this way for two or three days before attempting to mount him from the ground. It is a very important lesson and should be

thoroughly taught. Back him out from the corner quite gently, using the word "Back," and let part of the day's work be the teaching of him to back in the open.

HANDLING IN THE STABLE

CHAPTER VI

HANDLING IN THE STABLE

IN the straw-yard you have taught your horse to lead perfectly, and it is his own desire to follow you. Take him out of the straw-yard with his halter and practise him at leading outside, taking care that you select a place where there are no other horses or other excitements to distract his attention from you, and, above all, see that the infernal dog has been double chained. When you get outside give him just a taste of the oats, to remind him that you carry them.

Coming out of the yard for the first time he will be inclined to play up a little, so you have to be watchful. You have less control over him on a loose lead, than you would have in the saddle, and it is most important that in this first outing he should not break away from you. It is in any case desirable that the enclosure should be a small one, so that, in the event of his accidentally snatching the halter from your hand, he is not free to get away for a gallop.

Whatever you do, do not risk a trial of personal strength—tug of war wise—in which, if he gets the better of you, the illusion that you are the stronger animal may be weakened. If you are in any danger of being pulled into too fast a run at the end of a tight rope with the necessity of letting go to save yourself, always let the rope go *when it is slack*, so that he understands you have let it go of your own volition. The moment you drop the rope, stand still, and do not attempt to follow him, not a step. Just stand there perfectly motionless and you will find he will come up to you. It may take a minute, two, three or four; but he will come up to you. Keep your hands in your pockets, and simply stand there talking to him. Don't attempt to grab him. Let him go away again if he likes, he is sure to come back. It is he who is to be made impatient. Keep dead quiet. He will take a sniff of you and eventually rub his nose against your sleeve. With the slowest possible movement, withdraw one hand from your pocket and see that there are some oats in it. The victory is won.

Then slowly move on a pace or two. He will follow. Then on again. He will be there. Just a few more oats, and with the same hand gently scratch his neck and get on to that pet place on his back. Who is thinking of halters now? Keep on scratching, and, with

the other hand, just lay hold of it, keeping it quite slack.

The cold-blooded result is that your horse has come back and handed you his halter himself. Isn't it the best way ? Do it quite a number of times, and then you will find you have taught your horse that when he is loose, or has broken away, the right, proper and often remunerative thing is to come back to you. It ends in an added confidence in you as his master.

Compare this effect upon the horse's mind with that produced by an excited groom hanging on to a halter and pulled up and down the yard until he falls, or is forced to give way ; the chasing of the scared horse by the groom and a couple of stable boys, into a corner, in the endeavour to secure him ; his escape and more chasing, until he is finally grabbed amongst curses and hung on to by brute force. This is what you must often expect if you leave your horse's training to others.

Now your " wild " horse has never yet been in a stable, at least not since he was a foal. So continue your leading lesson until you arrive outside of his new quarters, of which he will be suspicious before ever he enters them. Before he gets to the stable, send someone in to chase out the sparrows, or they will swish out in a concentrated covey just as he gets to the door.

Whenever there is any expectation of any sort of difficulty or trouble, always do the oblique thing. It is so much quicker in the end. Now what you want him to do is to come out of the light into a dark doorway, on to dimly seen clattering bricks, into what appears to him impenetrable gloom, peopled to a certainty with every kind of equine bogey and hobgoblin.

The usual groom's unthinking way would be to hang on to halter, speak soothingly to him, and get the boys to try to drive him in with shouts and a whip behind. Naturally there would be trouble of the severest kind. The horse, until a few days ago, was unhandled and wild; and, the moment he felt coercion, every hereditary instinct of fear would instantly blaze up, and he would concentrate every effort of which he was capable to get away from that terrible place. Even if, by brute force, he was got in, and nothing more happened to him, the shock to his nerves would be great, and half the good of your previous training would be dissipated right there. He would be nervous for hours afterwards, and the disastrous effects would be visible in an immediate alteration in his demeanour to you, not only when you followed him into the stable, but again when you got him outside. Even if you were not present and were miles away, you can always tell when a

groom's outrage has been perpetrated upon a horse of your own handling.

There is only one way in which your disciple should go into that terrifying place, and that is of his own accord. And it is perfectly easy if you make the approach oblique. Take him past the door, which should be open, several times without any apparent intention of your asking him to go inside, and bring him to a stand some way off it. Do it again and bring him to a stand nearer the door. Pet and scratch him. Next time take him up to the door, as if you had come to a stand there accidentally. Pet and scratch again. While you are doing this he will turn his head round to look inside, and will snort disapproval. Take no notice, but go on scratching and let him look inside and snort all he wants. Go yourself into the portal and give him just a few oats. Instantly his attention forsakes the hobgoblins for something much more tangible and worth while. Pet and pat him again, which will bore him a little when oats are about, and he will worry you for more oats. Move back into the doorway just a few inches, and he will follow up. As he does so, retreat a little further with oats in your hand. He will come, maybe with a precautionary snort or two on account of the gloom, but oats are worth taking a little risk for at any time, and his eyes are getting used to things. Further-

more he has the utmost confidence in you, and, if you are not afraid, he is not quite sure why he should be. Keep on talking to him cheerily and let the halter be quite loose. A pull on it would excite suspicion at once. Let the only pull be the pull of the oats, and of your personality, as you move back. By now he has got quite used to the dim light, and the occasional snorts are only an intimation that he is taking notice of the surroundings. Move back a foot or two with an exhibition of a few oats, and, as he comes forward, move still further back; and as he follows up he will have come clear inside. Stand by his shoulder and hold out oats at arms-length, and, as he pushes forward to reach them, draw slowly round and pivot yourself, so that he has to move his rump round from the doorway the more readily to get them. You can now quite easily swing him round so that he faces the doorway. Keep him so and play with him. Now manœuvre, with occasional oats, so that by reaching back you can get at the door, and quite gradually close it. Shut and fasten it without noise, let the halter drop, and leave him to his own devices, without speaking. Keep quiet and he will go round sniffing and examining everything. A big snort will intimate discovery of some specially interesting odour of a predecessor, which will occupy his undivided attention for quite a

while, for he is sizing up in his own mind breed, height and sex. More discoveries have to be made and attended to, and when these have ceased to attract, back he will come to you with the obvious question "What about those oats?" And the job is done.

Is all this trouble worth while? Most assuredly. It is all training. It has been a great experience to him, for he has come in of his own free will. For love of you and of oats, he has done violence to all his hereditary instincts, and has so increased his personal confidence in you that on another, and, may be, an even more terrifying occasion, he will display even less hesitation in following where you go.

The practical result is that you have got him into the stable, not only without any harm to his nerves, but with a quieting effect upon them, which will prove an asset of value in the future. Give him water and a feed, and let him stop there.

* * * * *

In the stable you have to put your horse, which up to now you have handled yourself exclusively, in the care of your groom, and here is your great difficulty. It is a much easier thing to train a horse to do what you want him to do, than to train the usual English

groom to do what you want *him* to do. It is against his nature to do anything contrary to what he and his forefathers have always thought proper to do. In the way of feeding, grooming, conditioning, physicing and in attending to abrasions, cuts and wounds, the English groom is excellent, and is seldom surpassed by the horsemen of any other country; but in realising the true nature and brain capacity of the horse, and the best way of handling and training the horse, the average English groom seems to be less gifted than those of many other countries. Of course there are many brilliant exceptions, but these are mostly men of mental capacity above the average, who think for themselves, and have broken away from the traditions and dead conservatism of their forefathers. The value of such men is inestimable.

That this is so, those who have travelled much must know to be the case, and the reason which has borne best the test of investigation is the somewhat curious one, namely, that the great bulk of English grooms have had to do only with geldings and mares bred in two's and three's, and in small enclosed paddocks. Many English grooms are utterly afraid of stallions of any kind; look upon them as tigers and wild beasts of ungovernable propensities, and would decline to enter any service where they would be called upon to tend them. There

1. Six Percheron stallions pulling a load of 20 tons up a heavy gradient

2. Paris omnibus with team of three Percheron stallions

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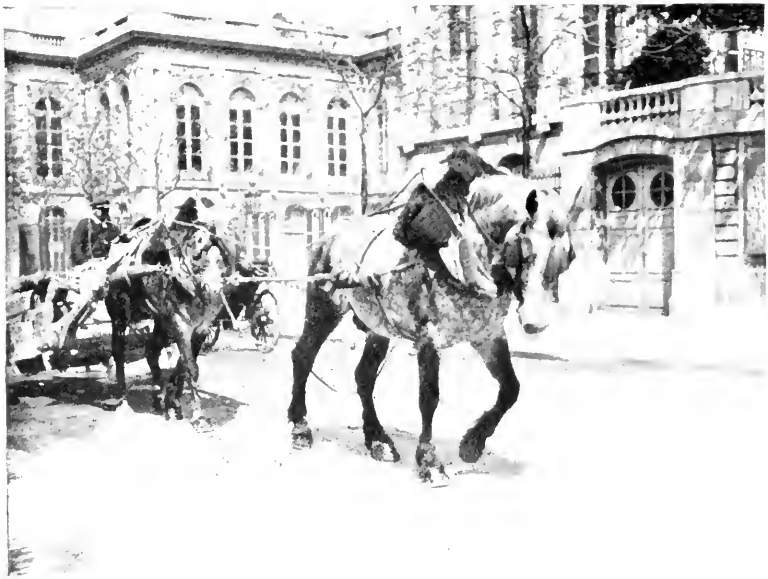
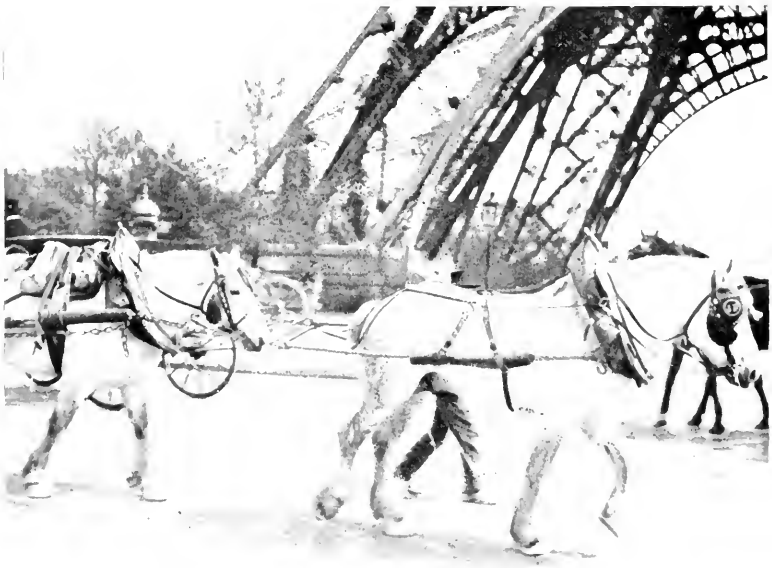


3. Heavy draught Percheron stallions in Paris



4. A fine pair of heavy draught Percheron stallions at the Eiffel Tower, Paris

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is a traditional prejudice in this country against the employment of entire horses for any kind of traction, either light or heavy, or for riding purposes, and if enquiries are made either of masters or men for their reasons, answers are given which the experience of countries, where entires are habitually used for all utilities, show to be absolutely at variance with the facts. Besides being capable of so much greater work on less food, besides having better paces, much greater courage and endurance, being less susceptible to disease, the entire horse possesses much greater intelligence and capacity for difficult work and is quite as amenable to control, by those who understand him, as any gelding. In France, Italy and other countries it is not uncommon to see mares and stallions working, peacefully and without any disturbance, in the same teams. Those who know the stallion at work, love him. Some of the most beautiful sights in the world—now, alas! but a charming memory—were those thousands of splendid teams, of three Percheron or Boulonnais stallions abreast, in the Paris omnibuses, which drew twice the loads of our own horse buses, at a much greater pace and at less cost.

These Percheron and Boulonnais stallions are bred by farmers, and, when weaned, are turned out together in great droves in the marshes and other huge pastures, and the

men who handle, break, and train them are some of the best horsemen in the world. The fillies are similarly segregated in other pastures. These men learn more about horse nature than almost any others in the world, and the results of their handling are to be seen in the universal gentleness, confidence, good nature and perfect amenability of both stallions and mares, after leaving their hands. The first thing these men learn is absolute control of their own tempers, and any man showing temper to a horse under no matter what provocation is, with the entire approval of his fellows, dismissed permanently as constitutionally unfitted for the business, and a source of danger to his mates. This lack of control of their tempers with horses is unfortunately the common characteristic, rather than the exception with the average English grooms and horsemen, and, in five minutes, they often do more harm to horses than they are able, in six months, to repair.

You know in what category your own groom stands. If he is a man ever showing bad temper with his animals, the fruits of all the careful work you have accomplished with your "wild" horse are liable to be lost. On the other hand, your groom may be a man genuinely fond of his charges, open to try new ways and to see if there is anything of real value in them. If he has been abroad and has kept his eyes

and ears open, he will himself have discovered that there is much in the different foreign practices and methods of handling and training, which is worthy of adoption here, and that therefore what you are asking him to do, in continuation of the special handling of your "wild" horse, may after all have something of value in it. If he is sensible, he will give your system a perfectly straight and genuine trial. If he does so, he will be astonished as to the amount of unnecessary work he will be saved personally. Let it be left at that; except that you can say with absolute truth, if there is any kick in him against foreign practice, that your system is that of an Englishman whose family have been English and horsemen for a thousand years. That ought to settle him all right.

* * * * *

Your recently "wild" horse is in the stable, and has had time to make himself quite at home there. When you or any of your men go in, make it a practice to speak to him before opening the door, which should be done as quietly as possible. You can make even an old and steady horse quite nervous by the constant sudden and noisy opening and shutting of his stable door—much more so a young horse, but newly brought up from pasture.

All movements in the stable should be slow and as noiseless as possible, and the more the horse is spoken to the better. Speak before you go up to the horse. When you approach him do so slowly, and, above all, make a practice of keeping your arms quiet. If you put out your hand to him, do it quite slowly. This is not a fad, but very solid sense. Never make a movement of your hands, or arms, quicker than can be followed by the horse's eye. That is a golden rule, and saves all sorts of slips and accidents in the stable. If the horse cannot follow the movements of your hand and arm, he does not quite know where they are going, or what they are going to do, and shrinks and starts in fear of possibilities. It is a little difficult to train yourself into this system of slow movement, but with practice it becomes a second nature, and you yourself will quickly appreciate its value, by the increased confidence and readiness with which your horse permits you to touch and handle any part of his body. Impress this on your groom, and get him to practise it when grooming, and even he will see the value of it ; for it means an end to all unexpected bites or kicks, which, undeservedly received as he thinks, are a trial to any man's temper.

Don't slam a bucket down on the bricks, or let the handle drop. It's just as easy to put both down quietly. The same with forks,

rakes, pikels and brushes. Attention to these matters of detail results in the permanent improvement of the most nervous animal's nerves, and fewer accidents to man and beast, both in and out of the stable. If you take care of your horse's feelings, you will find he will take care of yours.

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It is easy to punish a horse; difficult to convey to his mind the definite idea of reward for good work done. It is very helpful if you can do so. The cheery word and affectionate pat are an indication to him of your feelings, and are good as far as they go. He returns them with equally affectionate nose rubbings. and nips not intended to hurt; but in the advanced education of the horse you want more than this. You want to use the stimulus of reward, and to get him to understand the idea of reward. He is by nature such a noble-minded, generous beast that he doesn't seek reward, and will do everything he can for you from pure love of you. In your handling of him you have given him oats, as a distraction in times of apprehended difficulty, with success. It has been helpful. But, when he is brought up, oats become part of his ordinary food, and you need something quite distinctive; and for the purpose of reward, nothing is

better than lump sugar. It is portable, occupies little room, and all horses become passionately fond of it.

Now it is a tradition of the old time British groom, held by many with the most pertinacious obstinacy, that sugar of any kind is utterly disruptive of the moral and material welfare of the horse—that it induces crib-biting, wind-sucking, bladder trouble, and every evil under the sun. The tradition has been handed down, sacrosanct and incontrovertible, from father to son, without the least suspicion that it is really the most ridiculous rot. The British stud groom of the highest variety, the autocrat of a great racing stable or stud, would fall down instantly in the worst kind of fit, if it were suggested to him even by his Owner—usually a personage of quite minor consideration in the stables—that the moderate use of sugar would help to mollify the tempers of some of those man-eaters which the great man produces with such facility. He knows nothing of the chemical food-value of sugar, or of its work-sustaining and recuperative powers under great stress of action, but condemns it utterly, because that still more conservative and ignorant person, his father, did so before him. But those who have been in the tropics know better. In the West Indies, and in those parts of Central and South America where

it is most extensively grown, horses and ponies are fed almost exclusively on sugar-cane, as it is the cheapest food product, and nowhere in the wide world are the animals seen in such perfect condition, with such shining coats and found to be so free from every kind of sickness and disease. *Verb. sap.*, or, as in U.S.A., "Nuff sed."

To a horse who has never tasted sugar, it is not at all easy at first to give it to him, and requires patience and good handling. The fact that you have already massaged his head, lips, mouth and tongue is a distinct help. Remembering the oats he will at once take the lump into his mouth, only to reject it immediately. Standing on the near side, put your right hand on the top of his head, to prevent him drawing it away and throwing it up, and again present the lump with the left hand. You will find his teeth shut, but he will play with the lump with his lips. He will keep his teeth shut, but, if you press the lump against his teeth and rub it sideways on them, he may open his teeth to bite the lump. Hold it there quietly, and, by and by, the lump, to his great surprise, will give way with a crash. His mouth will be filled with the fragments, and his first impulse is to reject the lot. He may succeed in getting rid of most, but some will remain, and, on turning these over in his mouth, he will find

them of more interest than he thought. After having gone through this process with about three lumps, he will have caught on to the idea, and will himself ask for more. In the case of a few horses, they really don't like the sweet taste at first, but persevere and they will come to it. It is a curious fact that those who at first obstinately refuse it, in the end become generally the more passionately fond of it. When a horse is accustomed to take sugar, he will always lick your fingers, and some few will suck them. It becomes a very special pleasure to him, and he will suck or lick your fingers for as long as you let him. The practice has one great practical advantage. A horse, who has become accustomed to lick or suck your fingers, will never, under any circumstances or provocation, attempt to bite you, anywhere.

TRAINING FOR RIDING

CHAPTER VII

TRAINING FOR RIDING

WORKING all by yourself in the straw-yard, you have now got your horse under complete control in every way, and entirely dominated by your personal influence. You can mount him by stirrup, and have taught him to stand stock still until you give him the word to "Back." It is a great thing to teach it in this way, that is *to back before going forward.* Get the sequence of the backing thoroughly ingrained in the horse's mind and memory. Keep him up to it, and he is cured in advance for all time, however nervous and impatient he may be by nature, of that most objectionable habit, contracted by so many horses, of starting forward the moment the foot is put into the stirrup.

In the straw-yard you have turned him to left and to right, have walked, trotted and cantered him as well as the confined space permitted; have made him stand at any place for as long as you wanted; have made him lie down and have sat on him for as long as you

wanted; have made him get up at your word and he has followed without pull wherever you went. There have been oats on occasion, scratching and so on. He has done everything most willingly, and altogether he looks upon you as a most interesting and delightful pal, and likes to be with you as much as possible.

In the small paddock or stable-yard, you have taught him to lead, have left him free to go about, and have shown him that you are the place he is to come back to. In the entry into the stable you have taught him that it is safe to follow you into a horrible place. It is now time that you rode him outside.

Bring him from the stable, bridled and saddled but loosely girthed, to the straw-yard. Put kneecaps on, tighten his girths, mount and ride him around. Dismount and make him lie down. Mount again, have the old horse brought in and bring him alongside. Let them talk to each other. Have some of your friends in, and let them come up and pat the horse. Have even the infernal dog in. Spend half an hour this way, remove and tie up the dog, double chained. Now you can open the gate and depart.

The first outside ride had better be in one of your large paddocks, empty. The lesson to-day is restraint. It is better, for the whole time you are out, not to increase the pace beyond the walk. Stop a great number of

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Gladys Calthrop with the Skewbald filly by Ro-Akbar, 1918

[*To face page 92*

Marladi

The swan protests

"Rohan's Last Gift." Romarsando II and Romarsando I, 1917

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times and keep the horse standing for minutes at a time. Don't forget the sugar. Ride all over the field, under the trees and along the hedges. If one side gives upon the high road, ride him along it to get him acquainted with the traffic. Let him stand and look at it. Take him into the centre of the field and circle him to the right and left S-wise and figure-of-8. Dismount and let him follow you. Make him lie down and sit on him; for which one lump of sugar. Remount and ride home. Gently with him at the stable door, and all is well.

The next day, not forgetting the kneecaps, take him out on the high road to meet the traffic. This day's lesson also is restraint, so keep him at the walk. You will have a most interesting time with him. Talk to him a lot and watch his ears. In the incidents that occur he will be continually appealing to you for guidance and support. Ride with almost a loose rein, and give your indications as lightly as possible. Don't force them on his attention, leave him to look for them and you will see he will do so. He is young and it is jolly to be out, and all these new sights and sounds are so thrilling, so he is bound to play up; but *restraint* is the lesson of the day, and he is attending to you. When he plays up, use the rein as little as possible, use your voice. Reproach him just as you would a naughty child. It will have effect, and when

he is good again let your voice indicate your satisfaction. After half a dozen times of this kind of thing, it will surprise you how great is the effect of your voice on the horse. If you give all the indications through the reins, he will look to the reins only for control ; if you give most of your indications through your voice he will be quick to attend to your voice for control. Of course give him both, but practise him mainly by the voice ; it is the voice that stimulates his intelligence.

It is the voice which gives him encouragement in the face of difficulty. The more he has attended to your voice for guidance and control, the greater will be the effect of its encouragement in soothing his fears. You put up your hand, as a warning to an approaching motor, that you are on a young horse in training, but the odds are 10 to 1 that the motorist, either from pure ignorance of the danger, or often from callous indifference to anyone's comfort but his own, will not take the faintest notice of your appeal. It's a pretty severe test for a young and nervous horse to meet one of these road-hogs whizzing on to him with a cloud of dust behind, and he will need all the encouragement you can give him. Speak to him in the most endearing way, keep him at the walk ; lean down and, with your left hand, pat and scratch him on the neck, increasing the pressure of the scratching as the car

approaches, until it is quite a hard scratch, before it passes you. It's a little thing to do, but it distracts a certain percentage of his attention from the oncoming fearsomeness, for he is attending to you as well as to the car, and it may be that the increased scratching prevents his fears from reaching just that panic point at which everything would have to be abandoned, and flight—his primeval defence—would dominate all of his brain and energy.

If he comes through this test all right, you have made an enormous advance with the horse. It is you who have got him through this trouble, and have protected him from the monster—he is quite sure of that—and if another comes along he knows you are there to help him again. When the car has gone, make a great fuss over him and show him what a brave nag you think he is. He will be so pleased with you and himself, that he will want another car to come along right there. It's not the car, but the jollying, that has left the indelible impression.

Other road adventures will be less fearsome, but treat them all in the same way. If there is anything unusual at the roadside, take him up and let him stand and look at it. He will take an extraordinary interest in anything new and strange. It may be that a Gracious Providence has sent your road-hog and his friends into a pub, and has ordained that their

car should be buzzing outside. Watch the disciple spot it! Watch the prick of those ears, immovable, pointed like bits of steel! He will come to a dead stand. Give him a scratch on the shoulders just to remind him of the support you gave him, but don't push him on. A huge snort! Then another. Those ears of steel! Every muscle braced and tense! He is not a bit frightened, he has too much confidence in you for that, but his attention is most wholly arrested.

You are going to have as priceless a bit of fun as you have ever earned in your life. You are going to watch a horse under the influence and interaction of the most powerful emotions. You will see, as clearly as through a glass, everything that is passing in his mind. You will see as pretty a play of forces as you could wish; suspicion, apprehension and fear pushing one way, interest and curiosity another, and the horse's natural courage and his confidence in you rising all the time.

Tizz—Tizz—Tizz, purrs the motor in a most fascinating way, Tizz—Tizz—Tizz. "This," says the disciple, "is the absolute limit. I've heard crickets and corncrakes and horseflies, but what in the name of all that's buzzible is this? And what's it doing it for? It's alive all right! I can see it shake. Dash my eyes, but it's a funny thing. Lets go a bit nearer and see what it is."

Just scratch him on the shoulder, and of his own accord he will take a step or two closer to it—with all precautions of course—because who knows whether or not this infernal thing may not jump. There he stands and has another look, and a snort or two. Look at those pricked ears. Tizz—Tizz—Tizz. He throws his head up and down, and has another look and a snort. One ear comes back just to hear what you have got to say about it. Tell him it's all right, with another scratch on the shoulders. Of his own accord he will go forward yet another step or two. Clap him on the neck and encourage him, and just gently touch him behind with the whip and he will go right up to within five or six yards of it. Tizz—Tizz—Tizz. Let him stand there and look and snort at it all he wants.

(The Nightmare.—A motor standing buzzing by the side of the road. Enter a riding lad on a young and nervous horse. The horse catches sight of the motor, throws his head up and is obviously scared. The boy swears at him, saws at his mouth and lashes at him with his whip. The horse tries to swing round and bolt. The boy savages him and the horse rears. The boy beats him and presses him forward. He gets him to the far side of the road. The horse terrified and trembling, not knowing what he is doing, forces himself into the hedge, gets pricked, and rears again. The boy lashes him and gets him a yard or two further, and the horse, with his head strained round in agonised

gaze on the motor, makes a burst forward, and, seeing safety in the road beyond, dashes past in frantic fear. The boy, cursing, saws at his mouth, which is bleeding, and the horse, a mass of sweat, is pulled up a quarter of a mile further on. On return the riding lad, asked to account for the condition of the horse, which is still excited and trembling, answers, "Oh I had a little trouble to get him to pass a motor.")

At the distance of five or six yards, ride him up and down past the motor, letting the disciple keep his head to it all the time. Tizz—Tizz—Tizz purrs the motor, and the horse is getting used to it. Come to a stand opposite the rear wheel. Scratch his neck and tell him to go up to it. And he will, a little at a time and with a bit of snorting, until he actually touches the hood with his nose. Brave old disciple! How pleased he is! Make all the fuss in the world of him and he will touch it again and again, curling his lip up, if he thinks the smell a bit poignant. Then he will look round at you as though to say "Mate! I don't think much of this, it's all right!" Move him a foot or two along, to get another smell in a fresh place. He will do that and ask for more. Move him along to the bonnet. Here it is a little more exciting, as this is undoubtedly the place where the Tizz—Tizz—Tizz comes from, and there are all sorts of essences and flavours which he has never met before. He holds his head

up and is going to think this matter out. See the play of his ears; one second both pricked forward, then one comes back and then the other, and then a shake of the head and a saucy glance at you to see what you make of it. He is not so free with his nose as a prehensile tester this time—it's the smells part which he has under examination and grave consideration. He will bob his head up and down a little, and then, up will go his nose high in the air, his neck stretched to its utmost limit with his upper lip curled right over his nose. First one way will he screw his head round, and then the other, with lip curled up and all the time he is taking great sniffs of air. Eh, but this horse is a great connoisseur in smells! He is not going to lose any part of one of them. He lowers his head and pops his nose into the density of something quite special in the way of an odour, gets it, sweeps his head up into the air again, and begins a slow long-drawn-out inspiration, with a spiral movement of his curled-up nose, which does not allow one particle of it to escape examination or be wasted. It is so entrancing that he has to shut his eyes. Tizz—Tizz—Tizz. He has got to the bottom of the smells and has secured quite a lot of satisfaction out of them, and thinks it time to investigate further this thing that does the Tizz—Tizz—Tizz, so out goes his nose against the bonnet. Just a touch and

he gets a thrill of vibration. Gee-whizz, he starts back. What was that? Snort, snort, snort. But it didn't hurt—so out goes the nose and he tries again. Start and snort. Dear me! this is very odd, but there's really nothing in it. Once again—no, there's positively nothing in it. So up comes his head and he turns round to look out of that dark eye at you and to tell you there ain't a darned thing in it, and its positively boresome! He looks up the road and watches a dog, and is doing nothing more in motors.

So move him away and bring him back past the motor, and he doesn't even look at it. Do this once or twice more, and that bogey has fallen down dead, and it can Tizz all it likes for what he cares. It's a sheer fraud.

It's worth a lump of sugar, though, and so homewards. We are pleased with everything we have seen, and with everything we meet.

TRAINING FOR RIDING

(*Continued*)

CHAPTER VIII

TRAINING FOR RIDING

(Continued)

THERE are always two ways—inducing a horse to do a thing of his own accord, and compelling him to do it through fear of punishment. After the first, you have him regarding you as a friend; after the second, he holds you in fear, in fact as an enemy. Under no matter what circumstances, was any good ever done to a horse by punishing him so severely that the impression left upon his mind is that the man who did it was his enemy! Good is done sometimes—but not to the horse. Occasionally a horse turns and kills a man who has brutally ill-used him. The man does not look pretty afterwards.

The whole art of successful horse-education and training, for whatever purpose, is the careful thinking out of methods by which you get the horse to himself elect to do the thing you want him to do. You make him think,

and in making him think habitually, you stimulate his brain power and increase his intelligence. In his instinctive defences, no animal's brain is *quicker* to act than that of the horse. It is a splendid instrument for his own purposes, but you must learn how to use it for yours. Many think the horse is stupid. He is not. Perfect, each one of his senses is probably far keener than yours. Sight, on the plains he will pick up a solitary horse feeding, or a troop of horses, long before you have any suspicion of their whereabouts. Hearing, he will catch a trot, gallop, footpace or neigh, when you can hear nothing. Taste, who so clean feeding as the horse? Smell, he distinguishes thousands of *nuances* you know nothing of, and deduces confidence or distrust from a sniff, in a manner you cannot even conceive. One smell of you is sufficient. If he passes you, you are all right. Feeling, that nose of his is a living wonder, it is as delicate in its sense of touch as the tips of your fingers; but, in feeling, the horse has undergone a special development of nerves which has helped in the survival of his species. Sensitive to the least prick, yet if wounded in the most horrible manner or with even a broken limb, the nerves of the horse so quickly cease to telegraph the damage to the brain, that he is able to get away from the danger spot at full speed, and to sustain a gallop to safety in the herd maybe of

(*a*)

(*b*)

Marpegorby and Musket

(*a*) First Introduction (*b*) "What's your little game?"

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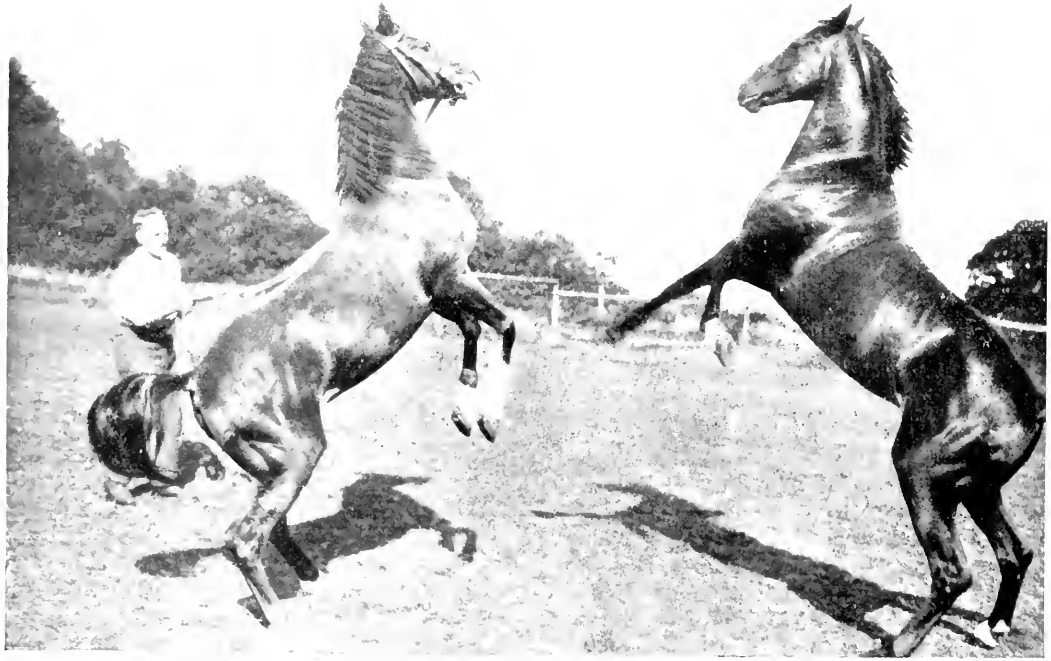

Musket and Marpegorby at play

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many miles in a condition which is almost unbelievable. No doubt this capacity for immense and sustained effort, when grievously maimed, has stood the horse's ancestors in good stead in the far-away days when they ran wild, the prey of whatever carnivora could catch them.

No, the horse is not by any means stupid. None of the higher mammalia are stupid. In all matters affecting their existence, the quality of their brain power is probably as fine as your own. The brains of different species, in the course of evolution, have been developed in different directions. In the case of each species its senses and brain have been developed to extreme brilliancy of action, in all matters vital to its existence, by the continual excision of the individuals amongst its ancestors who have been the less fit. The weaker and less artful in attack; the less cunning in defence; the less knowledgeable in matters of food, have been the earlier cut off in life, and have had fewer opportunities of propagating their kind. In a state of nature, it is the brainier individuals, who, on the long average, leave the more descendants. Those who have encountered animal brain work in a state of nature, know how splendid it can be. Those who only know horses, cattle and sheep, in small enclosures, cannot even guess what it means. The horse's brain is all right. If

you want to make it your instrument, you must exercise yours.

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You have taken the disciple out a number of times, and have shown him many strange things, of which, at their first aspect, he was apprehensive of harm, and have let him see that after all there was nothing in any of these to be afraid of. You have had recalled to you his hereditary instincts and defences. That old blackbird, which tumbled out of the hedge with such a flutter and screech, stirred the same grey matter in his brain which had flashed into action when that desert lion had sprung at, and missed, his ancestor of a million generations ago. The disciple made a most splendidiferous shy right across the road, and, if you had not been something of a horseman, you would have been off that trip. It would have taken more than a lion to have got the disciple that time. What is a shy? It is a perfectly natural and proper defence—not a fault to be punished—and if it had not been practised successfully myriads of times by the disciple's direct ancestors, your particular disciple would not then be between your legs.

(The Nightmare.—Enter the riding lad on a young and nervous horse. Blackbird, screaming, tumbles out of hedge. Horse shies badly and

riding lad, taken by surprise, is nearly dismounted. Recovers himself with difficulty. Has lost his temper, swears at horse and hits him across the head again and again. Saws at his mouth and pulls him up. To that wretched animal every blackbird is followed by a beating. Every blackbird becomes a potential lion, and the horse a confirmed shyer.)

What to do ? Turn him to the place where the blackbird came out—he has got his eye on it—and jeer at and mock him. A horse knows all about being ridiculed and just hates it. Tell him what a double-dyed idiot he has been. It isn't true—like the other illusions you practise on him—but he will believe you. You haven't hit him, and obviously there is nothing to fear on that score, so that when the next blackbird comes out he won't shy so far, for his lightning-like brain will remember the way you chaffed him. Jeer at him again every-time a blackbird comes out, or whenever he shies at anything else. He will soon connect the jeering with the shying and will drop it ; nothing is hurting him, and he hates being mocked.

Always talk to your horse. Direct him by the voice as much as by the pull on the rein. The horse loves your voice and learns to attend to it in a remarkable way. Thus, when you want him to increase his pace, say to him successively "walk," "trot," "canter,"

"gallop"—he will very soon recognise what is meant by each word. Decrease his pace in the same way. In a little while you can dodge him about, from the "walk" to the "canter," then back to the "trot"; then direct to the "gallop," and back to the "walk," and so on. When you want him to stand still, say "stand," and when you want him to back, say "back." It will surprise you to find what an interest the horse takes in these spoken directions, and how keen he becomes to conform to them quickly. It is as good as a play to watch his ears, and by watching them closely you will get a good indication of what is passing in his mind and what he is expecting of you. When you get more advanced with his training and are teaching him to turn, say to him "Right" or "Left." Alter his gaits by word, when you come to attend to them, "Trot," "Pace," "Single-step," "Spanish Walk," "Passage," and so on. When you want him to jump anything say "Jump." You will delight him by talking to him like this, and his pleasure in it will be evidenced by the increasing quickness of his responses. It develops his intelligence, and, by and by, it really becomes conversation. One of the most amusing things you can do is to teach a horse to "neigh" to order. It is not so difficult as you may think, particularly if the horse is a stallion, and an Arab. When it once dawns

upon him that you are asking him to speak, it tickles his imagination and pleases him immensely, and he will neigh quite readily at your word. You can develop this faculty until the horse really tries to talk to you, and the modulation and expression he is able to put into his conversation is surprising. It is worth doing, for you get very near to the mind of a horse this way.

TRAINING FOR RIDING

(Continued)

CHAPTER IX

TRAINING FOR RIDING
(Continued)

IF you have an opportunity take Disciple as soon as possible on common, moorland or forest land. You will find your horse's brain work extraordinarily interesting, if he has not been in such surroundings before. Leave him as much as possible to his own devices, just guiding him from time to time in the general direction you want, and watch the ancestral traits. A horse's thoughts pour through the channels that were most used by his wild ancestors. Keep him at the walk and leave him a loose rein, so that you may take indications from him, and not he from you. When he realises that he is on his own, he will behave much as his ancestors did in the same circumstances; circumspectly and scrutinisingly, as to potential and hidden enemies; questively, as regards his own kind. He will examine every bush and clump of undergrowth carefully, giving them room to be out of the "striking distance" of that

hereditary ancestral lion. In the narrower ways, where the undergrowth is near on either side, he will be all attention, and the breaking of a stick is sufficient to startle him. Watch his ears and eyes, muscles all braced and in tension. He's all there ready for any emergency. He stops for a moment and considers whether, if need be, his best chance is ahead, or by the way he came. Scratch his shoulder and tell him it is all right, and he will go on. In forest glades you will find that, left to himself, he will make his trail equidistant from the umbrage on either hand, and, in no case, not even in that of an obvious short cut, will he ever allow himself to come within "striking distance." Near cover he is always at attention.

His air of entire unconcern when he gets out into an open place is quite amusing, but in the wide open he will always keep an eye upon any isolated clump and give it a wide berth. Even our most domesticated horses, who for generations have been under cover or in small fields, will, even in the field, of which they have known every square foot all their lives, never sleep within "striking distance" of the wood or plantation alongside. The breaking of a stick in it at night is sufficient to send them scampering and snorting to the far side of the field.

In an open plain, the horse will always make

for rising ground to enable him to survey the country to look for all possible pals. With ears pricked forward and nostrils compressed, he will search on a clear and sunlit day to the very horizon, and, What Ho! for a cheery neigh, when he finds them. It's pretty to see the effect. Nothing attracts horses more instantly than the distant challenge of a ringing neigh. They may be spread over a field, all with heads down, busy feeding. Instantly every head is up seeking for the source of the sound. They run together, each asking the other as to who this is. Every movement is watched by your nag, his nostrils trembling in the sunlight with excitement. If Disciple has the luck to be a stallion, the thrills on either side are multiplied a thousandfold, and his calls are perfectly splendid to listen to. Then the distant reply comes, thrilling Disciple to the roots of his being. He screams back, with a hoarse grunt at the end of each scream, stamps his foreleg and swings from side to side, but always with his head to the find. The mares, with manes flowing and tails like flags—you can always tell them by this response—dash hither and thither, making believe they are seeking the protection of the one or two old geldings, their mates. The stallion's scream and roar, as Job said, is as nothing else in creation, and it makes the old geldings peevish and surly, so when their giddy

companions, decked with this fancy dress of mane and tail, come prancing up to them, the dames are met with open mouths and lashing heels. Geldings of all kinds resent frivolities in which they cannot participate. But the mares don't care a continental D, they chaff the old geldings and prance all the more while Disciple roars to them all the love stories he can think of. Well you've waked up the neighbourhood, and half the farmers in the county are running to see what's the matter; so curb the amatory and extremely ornamental frivolling of Disciple, and come and study natural history once more.

Vigilance against enemies is the first concern of the horse in the wild, food the next, and quest of his kind the third. In this country the food of a horse is all over the floor and he feeds where he stops. Much therefore is not to be learned here of the horse's skill in foraging and discrimination in feeding upon what he finds, and only in an elementary way can one study him in the quest of his kind. In the wild, the horse studies all spoors. Those of the elephant, the buffalo, the lion, tiger, panther, bear and wolf, amongst his attackers, with care; mainly to learn date of the track and probable vicinity of the enemy. He takes stock of the spoor of his cousins, the zebra and wild ass, with general interest; but of that of his own kind he makes the most

searching scrutiny, deducing date, direction, sex and individuals with accuracy.

On English roads there is nothing of interest to be got, but on moorland and in forest quite informing incidents are possible. With nothing in sight, your horse walking along may suddenly stop dead, make a big inhalation or two, put his head down and move about sniffing at the ground. Leave him alone and see what he does. He does not attempt to touch the herbage, but moves about with his head on the ground, sniffing. He paws a little with a foreleg. If he gets a good and recent whiff, he will turn it over in his mind, shaking his head up and down a little. If he decides that it is a mare, up will go his head, and that lip will curl over his nose, the head stretched out sideways, first on one side, and then on the other.

Then he will try to continue the track by scent, and, if on soft ground or dust he sees the footprints, he will institute a close inspection. If he gets another stimulating whiff, there is more inhalation and nose curling. Let him go along, and on a strong scent he will move fairly quickly, every now and then putting his nose to the ground to keep check. He's looking out for droppings and as likely as not he will come across them. As soon as he sees them, he will hasten to them and conduct a complete inquest, with much nose-

curling and inhalation. Here he comes to quite definite conclusions, and you can almost tell, by the way he heads off, whether he has decided that it is a colt or a mare. If the latter, he will pause less over the droppings and head off quicker. If they are quite fresh, he won't go far before giving a neigh, because he knows that his voice will probably carry to where the mare is. He will try two or three times, and will divide his attention between sniffing the track and listening for an answer. The scent is becoming stronger, he is going at a good pace, and is scanning the horizon and slopes most carefully. He is getting impatient, so up goes the call again, and then again ; and almost certainly in a little time the far off answer will come.

Just look at Disciple's excitement ! He rears and throws his forelegs out. He shouts, with that double-bass roar at the end. Every nerve is quivering. He arches his neck and plunges forward. No sniffing of tracks now. He is all eyes and ears ; every nerve alight ; every muscle braced. Doesn't he look splendid, and everything that a horse ought to be !

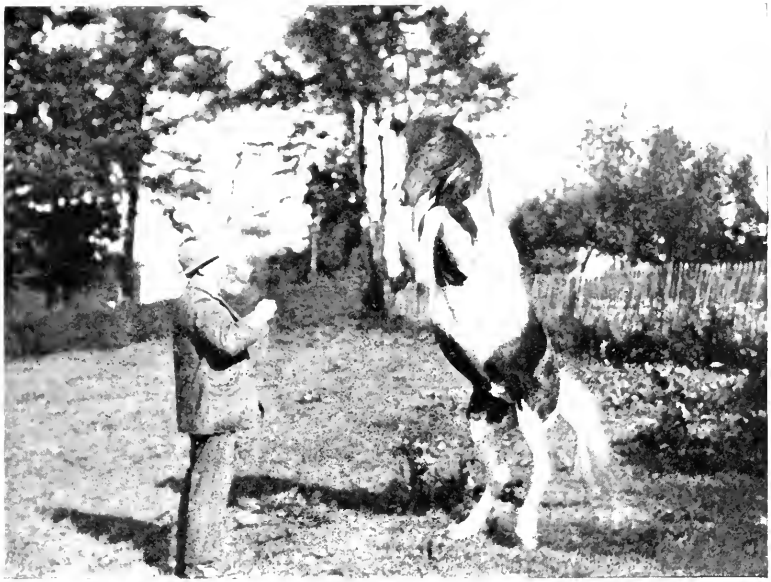
Still nothing is seen. The answering neigh had come from far down the mists of the valley, and only the crests of the rolling foreground are visible. Another faint neigh comes, and Disciple is up in the air again with a roar.

Gad, what a voice Disciple has got! It vibrates his whole body, and you as well!

Suddenly against the opalescent sunlit mist, maybe a mile away, a string of five tiny ghostly figures appear, hardly to be distinguished from the mist, racing for all they are worth; manes flying, tails high over their backs, plunging and kicking in their strides. Hold on now! for Disciple is exploding with excitement and grunts. For the moment he is far too excited to neigh—he is taking in the vision. You caught a glimpse of them as they rose extended over the crest of a roll; now they swing round and dive into the mist of a hollow. When the vision appeared, Disciple was as turned to stone, not a flicker or a quiver of a muscle—looking, looking, as if his eyeballs would burst. Then the little galloping figures vanish in the mist. With a mighty roar uprises Disciple in protest, and is off. Look where you are going, for he is in earnest and he takes some holding in. He is going to get to those flyers, or will perish in the attempt. And lo, as you make a rise over the crest, there they are below racing up out of the valley, their figures silhouetted against the gleaming mist. Along they come, ears like lancets, manes and tails awave, squealing and kicking high in the air and at each other. Disciple is taken aback, and himself pulls up to meet the onset; and here they are, as nice a looking lot of big polo

ponies as were ever seen. Snorting and blowing, steaming and still squealing, they wheel round, pull up at twenty yards, and each faces Disciple, who, not to be outdone in politeness, stamps forward a pace or two, shakes his head at each, and neighs his very warm salutes.

Three fillies and a couple of geldings, four and five year olds, and as full of fire and devilry on a glorious spring morning as any young things can be. The geldings are not as pleased to see Disciple as the fillies, and with drawn-back ears shake their heads at him, spitefully. A five-year-old mare is obviously the lady who answered his call. From behind the others she now neighs gently an invitation to him to make her closer acquaintance, and, a little later, works round the edge of the group with the brazen intention of publicly proclaiming her love; which manœuvre, being detected in time by that jealous sleuth of a gelding, he darts at her and leaves fine marks of his teeth in her shoulder. It was a good and healthy bite, but the mare, spirting as she turns back, gets one in with her hinds and can fairly claim quits. She brings up momentarily behind the other two mares, who are gazing wide-eyed at Disciple, in maidenly embarrassment at his tempestuous excitement and unseemly carryings on, then dashes on, thinking to get round the other wing, only to run right into the wide-open jaws of the other gelding, who happens to



I

II

I. Ro-Akbar, walking on his hind legs
II Shaking hands

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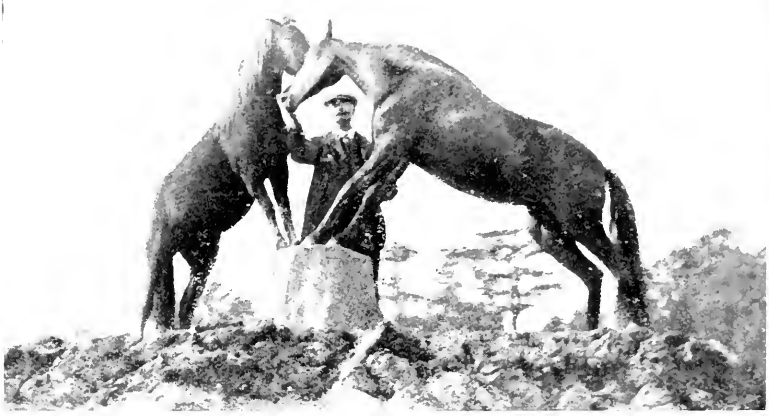

I

II

Sisters

I. Rotunda I and Rotunda II, by Rohan *ex* Fatima
II. In the Bois de Boulogne

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be her special guardian and pal. Look at the vicious way he goes for her. Ears back hard down on his neck, whites of eyes gleaming, and snap, snap, snap of those savage teeth. That stopped her; and now he is going to have a go at Disciple. He just gives one look over his quarter to get Disciple's bearing, gives one last vicious snap at the mare, and is round in a flash with a bound, all eyes and teeth for you or Disciple, it doesn't matter which.

It was good for you that, knowing you might have adventures, you had a lash on your hunting crop, so you get him on the neck like a crack from a rifle. Well done! or he would have got you by the thigh. He is up in the air, and so is Disciple, and for full ten seconds they strike at each other with their fore feet like professional boxers. You get another into the gelding, the lash snapping round his hind legs. You hurt him, and, on the instant, he turns round his rump, and humps himself together, with the intention of planting his heels on Disciple's chest. But Disciple is not having any that way. Disciple has risen before the gelding lashes out, gets one foreleg over his back, bends down and buries his teeth well into the gelding's buttock. It's a proper good grip, and Disciple can chew and does chew, hard. That's enough; it's a deuced tender place when Disciple has done; and, squealing and kicking, the gelding makes for the mares,

who have watched the tussle with excited interest. With ears laid down hard along his neck and open mouth, he goes straight for the cause of the trouble, and that faithless little lady, preferring a whole skin to meeting him in his anger, scampers lightly away.

It only needs a crack of the whip for the whole string to race off, manes and tails flying, in just as great a hurry to get away as they had been to come. Soon they disappear in the mist in the hollow, and the last Disciple sees of them is as they rise, still plunging and kicking over the crest where he had first caught sight of them. Disciple is quite quiet, he stands at gaze, watching with a twitching nose ; and, as the last of the ghostly little figures vanishes into nothingness, he gives just one big parting neigh, and then looks round at you with that dark soft eye of his to ask " What next ? "

And on the way home Disciple ponders over that last beautiful mouthful for quite a while, and grins as he remembers the mark he has left. You can see that he is thinking of the little scrap, by the way he throws up his head and momentarily arches his neck, and by the proud glance of his eye. He is thinking of you too in its connection, for he looks round at you —*particeps criminis*—quite a number of times ; and once gives a short sharp little neigh, and in return you clap him on the neck and tell him he's a bally fine boxer. All the way

home he is exceedingly pleased with himself, and with you. The little scrap has brought a new bond of union between you. When you dismount he swings round and rubs his head hard against your shoulders. Pure affection.

TRAINING FOR RIDING

(*Continued*)

CHAPTER X

TRAINING FOR RIDING

(Continued)

IN the forest it is much easier to pick up the tracks of ponies and horses running loose. Take any ride and let Disciple wander along with a loose rein. He will make various examinations—some a little interesting and some dismissed with indifference. He realises you have put him again on the quest, and with zest lends himself to the game. Pull him up at the cross rides, and let him make his own selection. He will cast about undecided, sniffing the ground, and will look up first one ride, and then the other, and, if there's nothing doing, will turn his eye round to you for guidance.

Go along and let him do the hunting. He makes all kinds of stoppages, often in places where you can see nothing to attract; but if he spends time, you may be sure he has got a whiff of something worth consideration. If he decides it's not worth while, on he goes.

At last, after many disappointments, he

strikes something quite good. He stops dead, snuffs and snorts and scrapes at it with his foreleg. Another deep snuff, then up goes his head with the curled-over lip. Repeated two or three times, and, following up a line diagonal to the ride and leading off it, the investigation is closed with a sharp neigh and a confident plunge into the brushwood. He has got on to quite fresh spoor, and, if you watch carefully, you can see traces of it in bruised grass and newly-shifted leaves.

He knows he is all right now, and moves forward at quite a fast walking pace. You come to a sandy patch, and can see by the superimposed footprints and their sizes, that there are at least five or six in the string, all fairly small ponies. Disciple bends down for a sniff, but doesn't waste time. In some occult manner he knows they are a good way off yet, so hurries along. No use calling just yet. Then you come across a place where they had stopped to feed a little, and can see the cropped grass and a few tufts pulled up. The tufts are quite fresh. A little further on, as the ponies moved off after their feed, there are droppings. Disciple stops for details, and each one is examined. He comes to quick decisions, and is off again at that fast walk ears well pricked in front.

All at once he starts violently, and pulls up sharp. He has heard something long before

you. You calm him, but he is quite agitated about it, whatever it may be. You still don't hear anything, but he does, and has directed his pricked ears to your left, where he knows the danger lies. He is in cover, and his hereditary instincts are aroused. He has not become sufficiently accustomed to forest life to be educated to the fact that no real dangers lurk for horses here. The myriad escapes of all those far-away ancestors, right down to the little hipparion, have left this surviving descendent amply equipped with all the hereditary defences that not only kept the line unbroken, but evolved the splendid alarm apparatus of the horse's ear, with the pivots automatically and instantaneously directing the ears to the danger, whatever its situation, without interfering with the direction of the horse's flight. In a flight for life, this evolved provision means many seconds gained, where seconds count for life or death. Disciple is worth observing and studying as a product of evolution, and of the survival of the fittest.

Now even you can hear something; the snapping of twigs and little sticks; the hurried rush of tiny feet through bracken; and away in the opening, dark against the sky, appears a greyish red arch of palpitating living things. It is a herd of startled deer; does and fawns first, and stags behind. There is high bracken on the raised sides of the sunk grass track you

are following, and, in the head-long rush, the leaders clear the depression in most magnificent leaps. What the leader jumps over, all the rest jump over. There must be forty or fifty at least; and, as the bulk of the herd come on and leap together, you get that weird effect of the arch against the sky with the daylight showing below. In three seconds it is over, and the faint and fainter snapping is all that remains.

Disciple was quite interested, and gave a snort as they vanished. The very moment he saw them, his nerve tension was released, for he instantly realised that they were not of the kind to hurt horses. How this knowledge so suddenly came to him wants a little thinking over, for he had never seen deer before in his life. Clearly the information was instinctive and detailed, for it was quite definite and dependable as far as he was concerned.

The transition from this interruption to the resumption of the quest is not immediate. You do not prompt him. He is still standing on the spot where he so suddenly pulled up. He sniffs in the air, as though a waft of the scent of the deer has come to him, and he is still intently listening, his eyes fixed on the place where he last saw them. Then he moves a few paces forward, as though to follow them, and stops again, ears pricked, still listening. He gives a snort and a little bound, and, with

his head half-turned, points his ears again. It is plain he has heard the last of them, for now he turns his head to the left, gives you a glance, and resumes his walk. He makes a dozen paces, then remembers the quest, stops, and puts down his head to pick up the scent. As he passes the spot of the deer-leap he halts in his stride and sniffs the air, to the left and to the right, goes on, and again bends down to pick up the pony scent. After this he resumes his fast walk as though nothing had happened.

The track leads to a little green dell, open to the sky; and here the ponies, spreading out, had fed for a little, and there are more droppings and the usual inquest. Something must have startled them, for you can see, from the laid grass further on, that they had rushed together, and scampered in line after their leader, who had left the track altogether and plunged into the undergrowth at the side. The laid lines in the lush spring grass makes this plain to you, and evidently to Disciple, for he follows without hesitation; and in his eagerness rushes you through some nut bushes, and you have to put up your hands to save your face. Now the ground slopes away rapidly. It gets bare under some beeches, and at the bottom is a trickling stream almost choked with last autumn's leaves, which the winter winds have blown into this resting place. The thick mass of withered red leaves,

newly turned up, show where the ponies had crossed the stream, and Disciple on the slope breaks into a canter and jumps wide with a mighty leap, and on the other side you have to pull him back into his walk.

There is nothing like the solitary ride, to get to know your horse to his core. A quest such as this shows you his manner of thought, and the things that direct him. You learn the world as it looks to a horse; learn what he notices, what attracts him, what he disregards and what he dislikes. When you get really skilled in this outlook, the interest of the solitary ride becomes absorbing. Every incident tells you something new, something fresh; gives you weird facts to ponder over. Learn this horse-world from the different points of view of the mare, gelding, and stallion. They are quite distinct. Each has a different outlook, and is actuated by differing stimuli, or differently by the same stimuli. The contrasts are a study in themselves; are especially curious between the entire and the gelding: more curious still in a hybrid—the mule. But the stallion is the horse to ride for true comradeship, for multiplicity of interest, and for the deepest insight into the working of the equine mind. Try it and see.

At the end of his rush Disciple examines his ground, which is still pretty bare under the beeches; catches sight of the hoof marks

and drops his head for a sniff. It's all right, so again the quick walk. For a full mile he tracks the wanderings of the little herd, through underwood, along a broad ride, then along a narrow winding track under the trees, and across another little brook. One incident causes a short delay. The ponies had crossed another horse track, apparently, from the trail of the grass, quite recent. Disciple spots it and stops to smell the ground for at least half a minute. Then, having reached his conclusion with just a glance along the other track and a shake of the head, without further ado he dismisses it, and goes on.

His pace quickens, and he is inclined now and then to break into a trot which you repress, but he is getting hot on the scent, and, at the third check, he throws up his head, and gives vent to a half-suppressed neigh. They are not far off now, and he knows it. He carries his head high, peers eagerly to right and to left, with ears pricked to catch the slightest sound. He is getting quite excited, and tries to break again. He grunts with impatience, and is pulling quite hard on the bit. Just ahead you are coming to another of these grassy little dells, and, as you enter it, he is overcome by his feelings and lets go such a full-throated roar that it echoes and re-echoes all around; and he is himself a little startled at the result. He stops still and neighs again, loud and long;

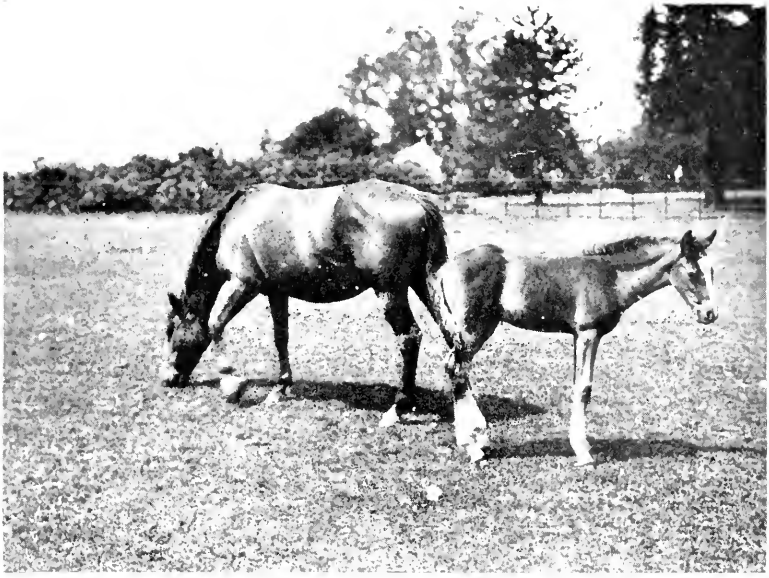
strikes out with a foreleg and begins to prance, arching his neck and champing at the bit, which is covered with foam. He swings himself quite round, prancing; throws his head about, and comes again to a dead stop. He stands rigid, looking ahead with a most piercing gaze; bit quite still, but muscles of his mouth twitching spasmodically. He hears something, for his ears are like steel. Then a high pitched neigh—a call to come to be obeyed—if ever there was one. Still he remains rigid, and listening.

Tumbling over one another, bursting out of some gorse bushes all at once, appear four little woolly-black, long-maned, long-tailed ponies all of a size, and, three lengths behind, a little grey donkey, ears plastered down on his neck, and braying like sin! They are a good hundred yards away when they break into the dell all together, and badly jostle one another as they race down in a mass, kicking and squealing. It is quite a good race, for when they reach Disciple they are all rushing abreast, and their momentum is such that they all but charge into him; and, in the pull up and sudden recoil, neddy dashes into their rear, cutting short with the jerk a bray of a peculiarly rancorous kind.

Disciple does not turn a hair, but if ever a horse laughed he is doing so now. After all his trouble it results in this! As they spring

back, the four little ponies form a semicircle in front of him, and the neddy plays clown at the rear. For a moment they stand and gaze at this big horse who had called them—what for, goodness only knows—then shake their manes and tails, and all stretch out their heads towards him, sniffing and blowing. Disciple breathes a little hard, but keeps perfectly quiet; so quiet that they are encouraged to come a little closer, and a little closer still. Now all their little heads are close together, and their noses almost touch as they sniff and puff. Each egging on the other, they press forward, just an inch at a time, to get a sniff and a touch of the great horse's nose, which he stretches down to meet them. Then oh! such a snuffing and blowing! It begins with restraint and moderation on both sides; just little smells at a few inches distance; gets animated with big and long drawn out smells, Disciple's audible above the rest; pushful smells, with short grunts, almost barks, from Disciple; the excitement rises to snorts and squeaks, with a vehement rubbing of noses, when—Explosion! A devastating roar from Disciple, with an instant strike out of his foreleg, at which the four little ponies, perfectly paralyzed, tumble over backwards, completely upsetting neddy on to the ground, who had been stretching to get in a long distance smell over their backs.

It's over in a second ; Disciple stands quiet, and the little ponies recover themselves, and reform their semicircle two or three yards away. They shake their pretty heads, give a squeal or two, and then, one by one, stretch out their noses once more. Then one puts his ears back and stands aloof : the gelding of the party. Neddy, being of the male persuasion, also stands aloof. So the next time only three come up, a little timidly, remembering that roar and the lightning-like stroke of the foot. Disciple pokes out his nose encouragingly, and, with a whimpering neigh or two, invites their confidence. Seeing that they hesitate, he even advances a step and gives the little neigh again. He knows they are ladies, and assures them, as a gentleman, that he is prepared to receive them politely. They look at one another, toss their manes and with mutual assent move a little closer. Disciple puts his great head down to meet them, and his nostrils move in the tenderest snuffle of a call. The one he more particularly looks at, simply cannot resist him and goes up quite bravely ; and the two others, not to be outdone, follow up and the four noses all meet at the same time. Snuffles and smells ; pushes and withdrawals ; a little excitement ; more excitement ; and at last a squeal, not a roar this time, from Disciple ; and just a stamp of the foot. This time they are not



Sanderling, with chestnut filly Marsanda, by Marzouk, in 1907

Marsanda, first chestnut, then a roan, and, in 1917, finally grey

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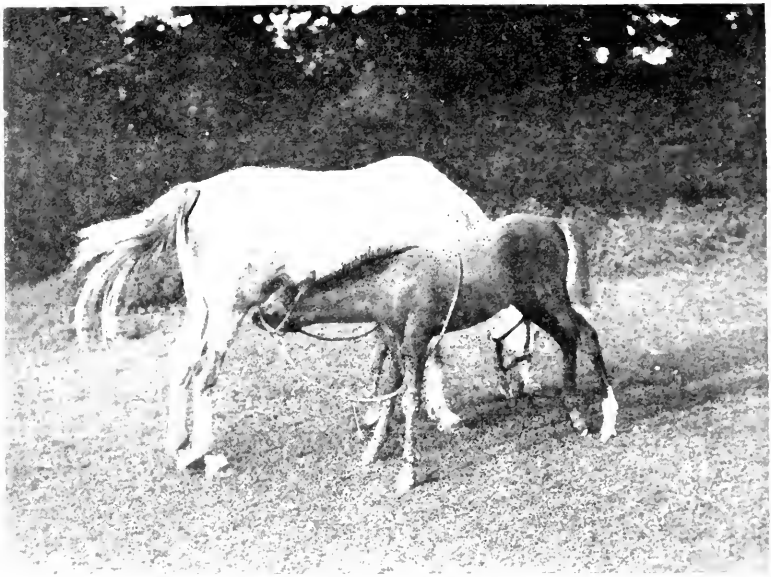

Marsanda and Exmarsa with training headstall

"Rohan's Last Gift" with training headstall

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frightened at all, and only draw back a little.

Disciple steps up to them, and the nose rubbing is resumed for a little. The gelding and the donkey stand sulkily away, with ears half cocked, looking extremely dissatisfied and out of it. Then Disciple comes half a pace forward, gives a smell at the neck of the little lady who so perkily came up to him, and scrapes it two or three times with his teeth. She not only approves, but herself advances a pace to touch his neck with her lips, so that he continues his scraping on her wither. He gnaws hard, and she seeks his shoulder to return the compliment; whereupon he opens his mouth and bites, not too hard, on her back. Bites again and again. She winces and gives to him, but does not move away. He bites more excitedly, but still not to hurt, and moves down to her flank. Its a liberty, and tickles her, and she gives him a little bite on the shoulder herself. But she does not turn away from him. On the contrary, she moves her quarter in to him so that he grabs her, gently enough, by the thigh and playfully chews her, grunting and snorting the while. This, however, is just a bit too much for her maiden modesty, so she lashes out. He does it again, and she takes to her heels and bolts. He looks after her and makes at first as though he would follow, but his attention is suddenly

called to the fact that the other two little ladies, piqued by his neglect, are browsing with animation on the other side of his neck and shoulder. He makes a dive at the flank of the nearest, and the action is so abrupt that she rears in defence, and puts a forefoot on his neck, catching it in the rein. She excitedly tries to release herself, and you have to intervene to throw her off. Loves of the horses are sudden and tumultuous, and courtship is of the briefest. The perky one, having completely lost her small heart to Disciple, comes back to tell him so, and proceeds to do it as plainly as any little pony can. But the other one who gnawed at his neck also finds herself overcome with a sudden infatuation for him, and palpably indicates her capitulation. Together they get in front of Disciple, and push and jostle in their competition for his kind attentions. He gnaws at each impartially, and each responds as if she were his best beloved. Ecstatic thrills pass through the bodies of the two little ponies when in receipt of his favours, but the joy is intermittent, for he can only gnaw one at a time. And thus entered this Garden of Eden that monster, green-eyed Jealousy. Side by side, each has regarded herself as the true fiancée of the great horse; but now each is seized with the obsession that the obnoxious presence of the other alone frustrates attentions from Disciple

of the most piquant and intimate nature quite personal to herself. It is a wicked, wicked shame, and it is her own special friend who thus robs her of the fruits of her self-surrender.

With them to think is to act. Each goes for the other's forelegs, and down they both drop on their knees. The bites really are not gentle. The woolly little beasts are making each other's fur fly. They spring up, go for each other's forelegs, and again they are down on their knees, grabbing with vigour and much mingling of manes. Simultaneously they arise, rear, and spar at each other at a distance; then, with open mouths, close, each with her forelegs round the other's neck. They bite, and bite again, in earnest. As background to this orgy of mis-directed energy is the third little lady, following the swaying of the combatants with startled eyes, and still further behind, with wondering countenances, the little gelding and donkey stand set for flight, in case of untoward developments coming their way. That anything so little could be so furious, is what is passing in Disciple's mind, as he regards his lady loves with pricked ears and the most rapt attention. He is visibly pained, and gives a stamp or two to show his annoyance, when, before, all in the garden had been so lovely. They go down and rise again, but, failing to clinch, they turn round and indulge in the most unholy kicking match.

One backs and gets in a double whack, but is forced forward again by a lurid rejoinder; then both lots of hind legs go up together, and the air is made dark with turfs and hoofs. This must be stopped, or the little ponies will hurt themselves, so a disillusioned Disciple is forced forward and he gives each a good hard bite on the rump, and they are parted, puffing and blowing for want of breath and heaving with their emotion. The other three start away as though retribution was about to overtake them also, but pull up on seeing that nothing happens. Disciple looks and snorts his displeasure, first at one antagonist and then at the other; shakes his head, and indicates that he had no further interest in the proceedings.

You turn his head homewards, and he leads off tranquilly without evincing the least desire to linger on the battlefield. More time has been taken up than you intended, so you make your way to the nearest ride to go home by the shortest road, and put Disciple into an easy ding-dong trot. You must have gone at least half a mile, when Disciple throws his ears back and starts into a canter. Lo and behold it's the little ponies galloping after you! Disciple's two sweethearts have made up their tiff and are racing side by side; the third little mare is close at their heels, and the gelding and donkey, coming on quite unwillingly, are a

good bit in the rear. As the two scamper up, manes and tails waving, they come, one on each side, almost touching your toes. Disciple's for home,and beyond keeping an eye on each takes no notice and continues his stride. Little ponies' hearts are tender, and they like the big horse. As they scamper alongside you can see they are out for some fun. They chuck down their heads and kick up their heels, make prodigious leaps on the least excuse, or with no excuse at all—feint at biting Disciple—and sheer round in pretence of a kick.

And thus they keep up with you right to the edge of the Forest, and on to the grass land beyond. It goes against the grain to have to scare them off, but if you did not they would follow you home. So you pull up, and three sharp cracks of the hunting whip send them scampering back to the gelding and donkey, who have just emerged from the ride. Another day, perhaps, you will meet them again, as old friends. It is worth a little trouble to secure a second encounter, for they will present amusingly fresh problems, and give you quite a lot to think over.

TRAINING FOR JUMPING

CHAPTER XI

TRAINING FOR JUMPING

OF all his achievements, jumping is that form of action which gives the horse the greatest delight, for it calls into play, to their extremity of attainment, the best of his mental and muscular powers, at one and the same time. In the combination of man and horse, jumping brings to the pair closer community of interest, thought, judgment, and action, than in any other of the phases of their association. For the time being their mentality is practically identical. You and your best old hunter, who have been through so much together, and have had the same experience a thousand times over in the preparation for and negotiation of jumps, probably view any given jump with an absolute identical outlook; from the same considerations and conclusions, you two form precisely the same judgment as to how it is to be negotiated; man and horse each know exactly what the other is going to do in the circumstances; and for a certain number of seconds

you and your horse act together absolutely as if you were of one flesh—the Centaur in actual fact. It is this unity of mentality and action between man and horse which forms the greatest charm and attraction of hunting. In all the eventualities you know to an ounce what you are going to get out of the old horse; and the old horse knows to an ounce what he is going to get out of you, and you two act together accordingly.

In the hunting field there is nothing more comical than the actions of a disunited pair, always in two minds as to everything they encounter. The best hunting jokes relate to the breaking up of that molecule into its component atoms.

In teaching Disciple to jump, begin on the theory that you wish to show him something new which is going to be a special treat to him, and that you only allow him to jump *as a treat and reward.* He will soon accept that view of the matter and will jump just as often as you let him. For Heaven's sake, from the very beginning, never once drive him over a jump. Never let him for an instant think that jumping is an unpleasant duty which he is to be forced to do against his will. If that idea ever gets into his head and develops into conviction, it will infallibly lead to refusals. What you have got to keep always before you, in training a horse to jump, is to do it on a

plan that has for its special object the elimination of every tendency to refuse any jump at which he is put. Never, in his training, put a horse at a jump which is at all likely to produce a refusal. You must use your best judgment in this matter. In jumping, as in everything else, you must use the system of *little* steps, by which you will know to a certainty what is, and what is not—for the time being—within your horse's capacity. Always make the lessons quite short, so that, during the training, the horse is never tired. If he gets tired, the conceit that the jumping is a treat and reward will fade from his mind, and the risk of a refusal begins to increase in direct ratio to the increase of his fatigue. Moreover, jumping brings into play an entirely fresh lot of muscles, and the strains must be put upon them quite gradually in order that these muscles may develop to their maximum proportions and tenacity of fibre without risk of sprain or rupture. For all these reasons go quite slow, and stick to the system of little steps. *Festina lente*, every time. By so doing you make the quickest progress, and avoid any risk of failure. Whatever is worth doing at all, is always worth doing in the very best possible way.

In the matter of his first learning to jump, let a horse always think that he is doing all the thinking himself. It improves his brain and

courage, makes him work intelligently, and helps the idea that he is being allowed to jump as a treat and favour to himself. One of the best ways of starting this idea and of beginning jumping, is to put him on the grass side of a road, and, when he knows he is on the way home, to let him, at a walking pace, take the little drainage channels, at his own speed and in his own way. He will probably at first try to take them in his stride. Let him do so. It will teach him to accommodate his stride to the inequalities of their occurrence and size. In a little while give him a tap with your riding whip, just as he arrives at each, and he will hop over them with a baby jump. Don't use the reins except to keep him on the grass. Let him do everything in his own way and time. It will amuse him, and he is learning all the time. He will gradually learn that your mind is, as a matter of fact, controlling his; for from time to time you correct his faults. As his own judgment improves, he recognises certain things to have been faults, and respects yours. It is in this way that your old hunter acquired his great confidence in you, and himself played up to your judgment of things. After Disciple has played with these little drains for a while, tell him to "trot," and to "jump" as he goes over them. He will soon do it quite nicely at the trot, checking himself appropriately in his stride. He will soon

learn the meaning of this new word "jump," and as soon as he does so, leave off the taps with the whip and use the word each time. On the second or third day of doing this, you will find Disciple will want to leave the road as soon as he comes to the grass and little grips, just for the pleasure of hopping over them.

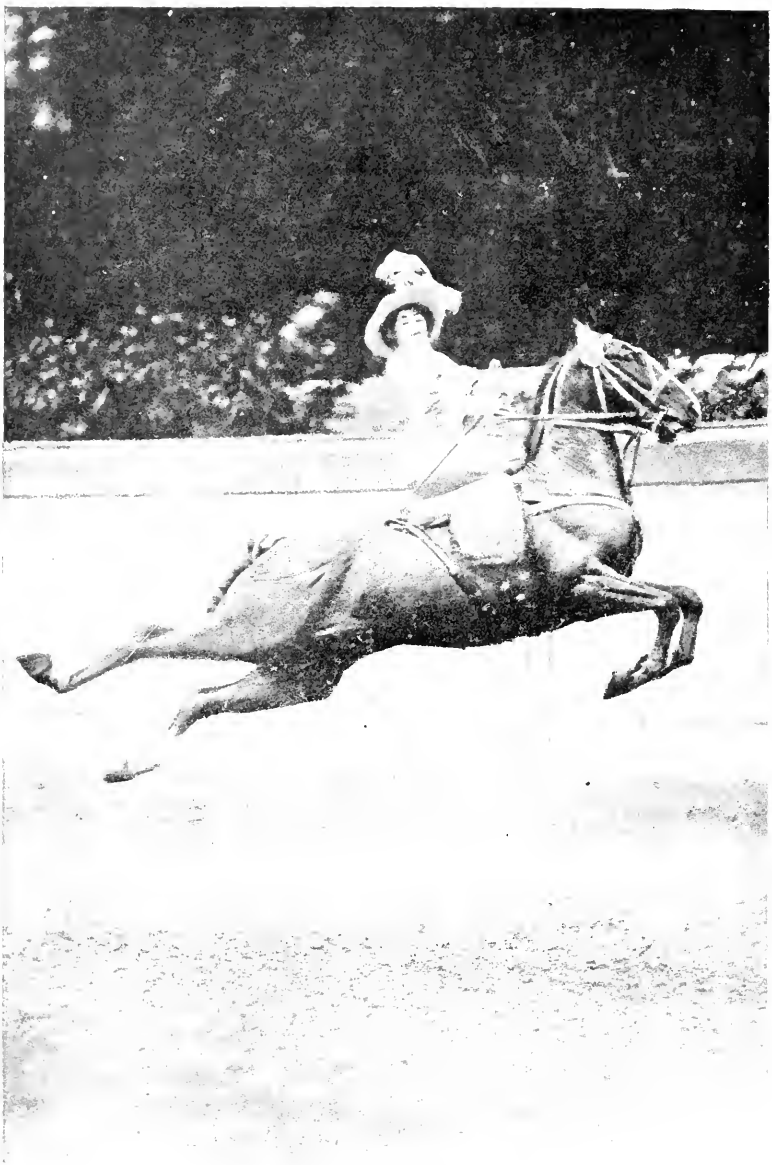
If you have the luck to live near forest or common, it is always possible to select a number of quite little jumps to begin with—ditches of all kinds, little gorse growths and the like. If there is an object in getting across them which Disciple can understand, such as getting out of undergrowth into an open space of grass, so much the better for him, as it gives point to your order to "jump," and, if the jump is a little bigger than what he has previously been accustomed to, he will the more willingly make the greater effort. This question of *object* becomes quite an important one when you begin to negotiate larger obstacles, such as a water-ditch, a gap in a fence between two fields, and the horse will willingly tackle a greater width or height than he has attempted before, because he understands that you want to get him into the next field, which he will be quite keen to do as he would like to explore it himself. Before you start your run, point out the ditch or gap to him, and in a conversational voice repeat the word "jump" three or four

times, and he will quite understand what you want him to do, and you can tell by the way he goes for either of them what is his own opinion of his capacity to clear it. When the exact taking-off place arrives, say "jump" again as a *sharp order*, and you will find that in a few times he will value your judgment as to taking-off and follow it. When you want to intimate to him that after a few more jumps you are going to make him rely on his own judgment in taking-off, lower your voice in giving the "jump" order, and give less and less emphasis to the word until it is just a mere observation *en passant*. Probably you have never thought of giving the verbal order to jump to a horse, but, when you give it a systematic trial in training a youngster, it will astonish you what a real help it is. You can, if you like, carry it so far that a horse, on level ground and with no obstacle before him, will take a high jump in the air just on your order. There is a practical side to this accomplishment, for a horse so trained can safely jump over bare barbed wire.*

* * * * *

Putting him at the casual natural obstacles one meets on moorland and in forest, gradually

*Many Boer farmers in the Transvaal train their ponies to jump naked barbed wire.



Jumping an invisible fence

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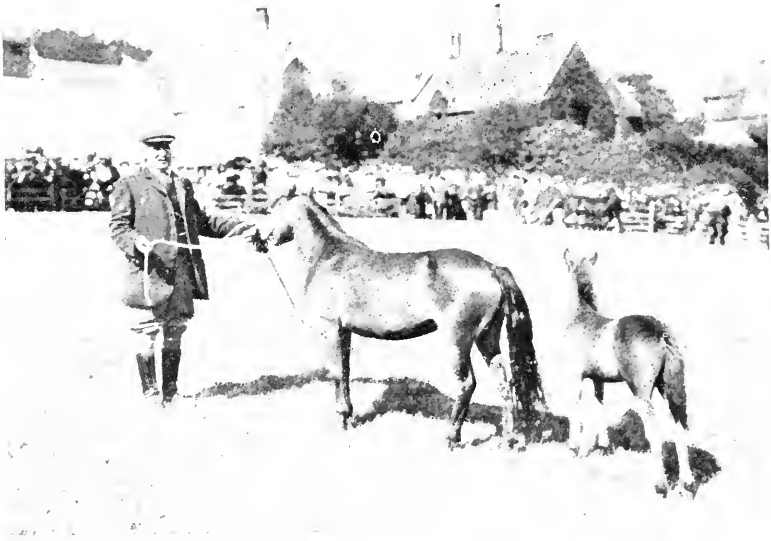

Lynton, foaled on Exmoor, May, 1911, photographed at Lynton Pony Show, on 10th August, 1911, with his dam, The Champion Kitty VI

Marcilkitty, born 11th May, 1911, with her foal Lynmarkitto, born 25th May, 1913, and Lynton the sire. Photographed 10th August, 1913, when the combined ages of the three totalled 4 years 7 months.

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from the smallest to the largest he can get over or across without risk or refusal, is of course the soundest way of teaching Disciple to jump; but it may be required to teach him to negotiate the obstacles he would be faced with at a local Show or at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, such as hurdles, double hurdles, gates, gorse fences, imitation walls and the like.

Now, in such a case, you have to train the horse or pony to jump with the special disadvantages that no *ulterior object* in the jump is apparent to him; that all the appliances are artificial; and that the jump itself, when ultimately raised, is the highest part of the barrier he sees before him—whereas the natural tendency of a horse is to select the lowest or easiest part of the obstacle. You have, therefore, a much bigger task; and have to rely more than ever for success upon Disciple's love of jumping for its own sake, and the belief with which you have imbued him that he is being allowed to jump as a treat and reward. For these reasons it is all the more necessary that you should proceed in the smallest of small steps, and that he should do everything of his own volition, and not be driven to do it.

The greatest treat you can give some horses and ponies is to permit them to jump in hand, that is, without a rider and on the leading rein. In some cases, especially those of three and

four year olds, the teaching of jumping in hand is the best way, for their bones, tendons and muscles are not yet at their best to take the heavy strains involved, and by jumping them without a rider the strains are much less; moreover, their judgment as to taking off and landing is entirely unfettered.

Training for jumping is an art in itself, and this chapter cannot pretend to a full treatment of the subject; only to touch lightly upon those basic principles on which success depends, and each reader, if he is so disposed, can adapt these principles to his own specific requirements. For a jump in hand, the requirements as to paraphernalia are the ordinary two vertical posts, with holes and pegs for the horizontal bar, plus smooth guide bars on each of the wings running from the ground to the very top of the posts at an angle of 25° from the horizontal. The object of these guide bars is to allow the leading rein on striking them to slide right up and over the top of the posts without any possibility of the rein catching in anything that would put a jerk on the pony's head at the moment of approaching, rising and clearing the bar. If there is a double jump, the guide rails for the leading rein must be carried on from the tops of the first two vertical posts to the tops of the second pair of vertical posts, to clear them also. The guide rails should dip between the

Teaching Rosanda II to jump in hand

Hind feet well tucked up, owing to loose rail on top of the furze

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Rosanda II clearing bar in hand at 6′

Rosanda II clearing 6′ 3″
(This pony was only 13 hds. 3 ins. high)

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two sets of vertical posts, when they are very high, 25° down and 25° up again to the top of the second posts. These are essentials in the prevention of accidents, and for that reason attention is here especially drawn to them. As to the character of the obstacles themselves attached to the vertical posts, they may vary from the plain rope or bar to the most complicated hurdles, furze bushes, gates and imitation walls, for the time being in vogue at the shows.

But, whatever the character of the obstacle you want the horse or pony to jump, begin with leading him through the approaches and vertical posts, at a walk, with nothing in the shape of any obstacle there. Let him examine and smell the posts, guide bars, and whatever else there may be there of a permanent nature, to his heart's content, and so thoroughly that he will take no further notice of them. Then, if you are going to start him with a rope or bar, let the rope or bar lie on the ground and let him walk over it. Put it up three inches and let him walk over it again—then another three inches and so on until he finds it necessary to hop over it. Remember always *the little steps.* If you are starting him to learn to jump a furze-bush hurdle, first put a little loose furze bush between the vertical posts and let him walk over it ; then a little more ; then the beginning of a hurdle, and add to its height quite

gradually, eventually raising the full sized hurdle itself on the vertical posts. The same with the artificial brick wall. Begin with a line of loose wooden bricks on the grass, put another row on top and so on little by little until quite gradually you have arrived at the height which necessitates a hop over and then a jump. In the case of each and every one of the different kinds of obstacles, begin it in its most elementary form and increase its difficulty, as imperceptibly as you can, up to the limit of the animal's powers.

Even when Disciple has become a really fine performer over these various obstacles, on each fresh day always see that they are low and well within his capacity, to begin with. Raise them, little by little, until you put a real tax upon his jumping powers. Abuse him by word of mouth (not angrily, but in reproach or ridicule) when he makes palpable errors, and praise him when he does well. He will pay the utmost attention to what you have to say to him, and will be pleased with your approval and try to win it. When he has done something exceptionally good, make a great fuss over him and give him a lump of sugar. He will know quite well what it is for, and he will make efforts to win another lump.

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Follow precisely the same procedure when

training for jumping in saddle. It is quite helpful to do the jumping in hand and in saddle on alternate days, and it stimulates Disciple's intelligence and judgment. As soon as he becomes proficient in both, it is a good thing to have a few spectators to begin to accustom Disciple to the ordeal of the crowd, which he will have to face at the local Show. Get the spectators to make a little noise, and, as it is sure to put him off his jumping, see that the jumps are very low. By degrees he will take less notice of the noise, and as he gets accustomed to it, put the jumps a little higher. Finally he won't trouble his head about the spectators at all, and will jump in his best form. Do not be disappointed, however, if at his first or second Show he is entirely off his jumping. Enter him for as many events as possible—for musical chairs and anything else open to him—just to get him accustomed to the crowds and their little ways. But the ordeal at the Agricultural Hall is ten times worse than anything he will have to face in the summer Shows in the open air. The roof and its reverberations, the blaze of electric lights, the galleries, the arena itself with its fringe of heads, the applause and laughter, the unaccustomed appearance of the jumps, the excited neighing of the stallions, and above all, the thrilling performances of the band have a most unsettling effect upon an animal up for the first time.

On his way to the Hall, on his first visit, he had had the most frightful time of his life. The train was bad enough, but the tramcars and motor omnibuses blazing with electric light, as they did before the war, and discordant with bells, coming at him and behind him one after another, made him think that the end of his world had come. Quite a number of animals coming for the first time to the Show, neither drink, eat, nor sleep the first night, and some (mostly mares, worried by the neighing of the stallions) have been known to touch neither oats, hay, nor water the whole time they were in the building. Unless the novice is of an unusually equable temperament, an owner must not expect his Pegasus to do well in the Jumping Classes on the first or second visit to the Agricultural Hall—but all horses have long memories, and the stage fright gradually disappears. Animals new to the London Shows do require and merit all the help that can possibly be given to them, and it would certainly be of great assistance and immensely improve the jumping of novices if they could be permitted practice over the obstacles in the early morning, and even given one free run to accustom them to the crowd and noise in the actual competitions. Every encouragement should be given by the Societies using the Hall to novice jumpers. Of all the animals shown, they are the most severely

handicapped by the newness of the conditions in which they are called upon to display their talents, and it is not every owner of a promising jumper that can afford to send him up two or three times to Islington before he begins to have a chance of coming home a winner. Such concessions would certainly increase the number of novices in the Jumping Classes; and the public, while welcoming the good old-timers that perform so well year after year, are keen to see new faces, manes and tails. The public enter into and understand the jumping competitions without difficulty, but not always the other selections, which sometimes, and for various reasons, are puzzles even to the very elect. Hence the large attendances in the afternoon when the jumping takes place. There is a great deal of trouble and expense taken in preparing them, and the novice animals ought really to have a better chance of giving creditable performances. Perhaps the great authorities may be led to take notice of this little request, which is made on behalf of many good, but high-strung and nervous horses and ponies.

TRAINING FOR DRIVING

CHAPTER XII

TRAINING FOR DRIVING

YOU have ridden and trained Disciple sufficiently to have him under control in every possible way. He answers voice or reins promptly and *con amore*. In response to your voice alone he moves from any one pace, or gait, into any other; starts, comes to a stand, and turns to right or left. He jumps well, and loves it. When, either mounted or afoot, you tell him to "lie down" he does so, and remains there until you tell him to "get up." If you want him to lie flat on his side, you tell him to "lie over"; if you want him to come up from the prone position on to a level keel again, you tell him to "lie up." When he is on a level keel, sit on the saddle or on his rump; when prone on his side, sit on his shoulder, on his quarters, or on the grass between his neck and forelegs, with his chest for your back-prop. On a long ride, to lie down is a rest for the horse and yourself, and you will find that he loves it. If, while you are still on the ground, you tell

him to "get up," he will do so, exercising the greatest care not to touch or hurt you. You can train him to stand over you "on guard." while you lie on the ground. When thoroughly trained he will not move a pace from you, and, if you are, or pretend to be, asleep, he will stand there motionless; or just occasionally touching you with his soft nose to assure himself that you are all right. As an extension of the "on guard" idea, it is quite easy to teach him to stand over your coat, or hat, while you yourself perambulate away from him. It is also most useful to teach him to stand "anchored," when his reins are thrown over his head and lie trailing on the ground. This is a great Far-West practice, and is used extensively in Mexico, Brazil, Argentina and Australia. Teach him to "follow," which he will do, with his nose just at your right elbow.

Every lady's hunter ought to be taught to "lie down" at the word. The most serious accidents to ladies in the hunting field do not occur, as a rule, from any actual fall, but from the struggles and kicking of an excited animal, scared by finding himself on the ground in unaccustomed circumstances, and in which he has not been practised, or, in fact, subjected to any control. If he has been taught to lie down habitually, and he falls at a fence, he will at once cease to struggle, if his rider calls out to him authoritatively to "lie down." It is

curious that this commonsense bit of training, which would save so many serious accidents to children, ladies, and even men, in the hunting field, has not only not been brought into common usage in this country, but appears, with this safeguard as an object, never to have been practised by hunting men at all.

When Disciple has become thoroughly proficient in all saddle-work, you may wish to add harness work to his accomplishments. Begin by letting him stand in his stall in harness. Before putting on the new equipment, show all of it to him thoroughly, and let him smell it all over. He will understand that you have some new game on for him, and will take a keen interest in all the paraphernalia. Talk to him all the time when you are putting the harness on. Show each individual piece to him, and put it very slowly on his back, scratching his back as you do so. Handle his tail and quarters well before you put on the crupper and breechings, and again, afterwards. When all is in position, flap all the traces, breechings and loose straps about, gently at first, and then with increasing vigour, so that he becomes accustomed to have them dangling about him. Let him spend an hour or two fully caparisoned in the loose-box, and free to move about in it, before you take him outside.

Have no blinkers on the bridle. They are not only wholly unnecessary, and serve no

good purpose whatever, but interfere in his relations with you as his driver; for it is an object with him to have a look at you occasionally, and a pleasure to him as well. Gradually accustomed, as he will be, to the sight of the vehicle behind him, neither it, nor it's moving wheels, will have any terrors for him.

If a horse has been always used to blinkers, it is the easiest thing in the world, if you wish him to do without them, to accustom him to their absence. Replace the leather blinkers with stiff cardboard blinkers of the same size, and every two or three days cut off a quarter of an inch in front. In less than a month they will have disappeared altogether. This plan is an apt illustration of the advantage of educating the horse by little steps at a time.

When Disciple has stood an hour or two harnessed in his loose-box, take him outside on a leading rein, and walk him about with everything dangling about him; and don't forget to have two or three lumps of sugar in your pocket. In turning a horse on the leading rein always turn him *away* from you and not *towards* you. It is much safer to do this. If you turn a young and frisky horse towards yourself and he rears he can strike you with his forefeet. He can't, if you turn him away from you. Talk to him all the time, and you will find everything go quite well. Stop him with the word "stand," and

set him off again with the word "walk." Do this a number of times. Next day take him for a walk on the road. There will be no trouble.

On the third day put on the driving reins in the loose-box, and gradually flap them all over him, so that he is not scared by their touch anywhere. When you take him outside, use a leading rein as before, and get your man to carry the driving reins behind the horse loosely, and so that no pull at all comes on the bit. Lead him and turn him about the yard first, and then take him out on the road. He has no blinkers on, and is able to see your man following him and also the reins. Again stop him and start him with the words "stand" and "walk."

After a mile or so, turn the horse homewards, and let your man take the leading rein while you take the driving reins. For a little carry them loosely, as your man did, without any pull on the bit. Then stop him, with the word "stand" accompanied with the first pull on the bit. Release the pull, and start him with the word "walk." Now tell your man to hold the leading rein quite slackly and to drop behind the horse's shoulder, so that, from now on, you direct the horse's movements with your voice and the driving reins alone. Tell your man that you are going to turn the horse to left and right, so

that he may be prepared to keep the leading rein slack in both eventualities. Then direct Disciple with your voice "Right turn" and pull the appropriate rein, "Left turn" ditto, and "Forward" when you want him to keep straight ahead. In a very few minutes he will have absorbed this new line of instruction quite intelligently, and you can dispense with the leading rein. Give him another day's practice at this, and he will then be ready to learn to pull.

The easiest way to teach a horse to pull is to get two men to haul on the traces, lengthening each with about 10ft. of rope, so that the men remain behind you. At first they should carry the ropes and traces quite slackly, without any pull on them. You will first go through the previous day's operations of starting, stopping and turning with everything slack. When you first give the horse the word to "Pull," tell your men to put only a little drag on the traces; just sufficient to keep them taut. The next time you say "Pull," let them put more drag on; and subsequently gradually increase the drag, until they are putting all their weight on to the horse. Take care that the weight is increased very gradually, so that there is no hazard of a refusal on the part of Disciple. If you get him to understand that you want him to pull, on the word, he will do so cheerfully; but there is some

little risk of his misunderstanding the weight as being meant as an indication to him to stop. For this reason, it is well for you to carry a gig whip, so that you can touch him on the quarters when you give him the word to " Pull."

Give him another day of this, until he thoroughly understands pulling at the word, both on the straight and in turning. The next thing is to introduce him to the vehicle, to which you intend to harness him. There is nothing better than an American four-wheel buggy, with a full lock so that you can turn round in the width of an ordinary road. For lightness of draft, up hill and down, smooth running, absence of repairs, and ease for your horse, a well-built, rubber-tyred, full lock four-wheel buggy, made by a good American builder cannot be surpassed. Bring it out into the yard, when Disciple is standing outside. Take him up to it slowly and let him look at it, and smell it all he wants to. Take him all round it and talk to him. Lift up the shafts and drop them. Lift up the buggy with one hand, and turn the wheels round ; slowly at first then quickly. Shake the buggy until it rattles, and move it forwards and backwards. He will be quite intelligent about it, and will understand that this is just one more of your games in which you wish him to participate.

After he has seen everything there is to see and is quite familiarised with the buggy in all

its aspects, put the driving reins on him with a short leading rein coiled up for subsequent use. Walk in front, using the driving reins, and get your men, each holding a shaft, to follow him with the buggy behind as close up as possible. A quarter of a mile of this will do. Then stop, give him a bit of sugar, coil up the driving reins and tie them up on his back, have the leading rein ready and get the two men, while you talk to Disciple, to bring the buggy up quite slowly and put the shafts in the tugs. Tell them to hold them there by the pressure of their fingers when you presently lead the horse on. It is not the least likely that Disciple will object to have the buggy follow him so closely, as he knows all about it, and you have already taught him to pull; but it is well always to be prepared for any eventuality. Therefore do not have the traces fastened to the pull-bar, or the breechings to the shafts, at this first essay. He will get the sense of pull all right through the shafts being held in the tugs, and if, by any unlikely chance, Disciple did make a fuss, it is quite easy for the men—but only on your order—to release the shafts and fall behind with the buggy.

This eventuality, and what they are to do in case of trouble, having been explained to your men and properly understood, start Disciple with the words "Walk" and "Pull,"

on the leading rein, with yourself at his shoulder. It is a hundred to one that everything will go all right. Talk to him and go about one hundred yards. Stop and pet him, and administer just one lump of sugar. Start again and continue for a quarter of a mile, talking to him at intervals. Stop, and if everything has gone all right, take off the leading rein, uncoil the driving reins, fall back behind your men to the level of the forecarriage, and start him again with the words "Walk" and "Pull." You have him under complete control with the driving reins, and it is again a hundred to one that all will be right. Go half a mile thus, stop, pet Disciple, give him another piece of sugar in reward for his perfect behaviour, and get the men to make the traces fast to the pullbar, and the breeching to the shafts. Then let the men go back to their former places, each with his hand on his shaft, and start again. Disciple won't know the difference. After another half mile, during which you have talked to Disciple from your new position, stop, go to his head, pet him and give him just another lump of sugar.

Take the opportunity of this stop, and while you are at Disciple's head, to get one of your men to get up into the driving seat and step down again two or three times, so that the horse gets accustomed to the swaying of the buggy. Then with the two men at their

places at the shafts, get up yourself and start him with the familiar "Walk" and "Pull," All will go right. Stop and start him often. Talk to him, and you will see him turn his head just sufficiently to get a sight of you on the box. When he comes to a stand, he will bend his neck right round to get a good square look at you. Get down and go up to him and make a thorough fuss of him. He is not scared or frightened in the least. With yourself at his head and your men still at the shafts, turn him round in the road to face for home. Do this quite slowly, as it is the first time that he will see the buggy following him in this position. Walk at his head for another fifty yards, then turn him completely round again, to get him more used to it.

Again mount to the driving seat, and walk the horse for a quarter of a mile. Tell your men that you are going to trot him slowly, and that they are to keep their positions and run alongside. Then tell Disciple to "Trot," and he will do so without demur. Keep at a slow trot for a mile, then tell him to "Walk," and let him continue at the walking pace for a mile. Then stop; a little petting and the lump of sugar. Tell him to "stand." Let him stand here for a quarter of an hour. Move around him, so that he understands that it is part of the business to stand still for a while. Get up again and walk and trot alternately

until you get home. Enter your drive at a walking pace and so continue to the stables. Make a great fuss of him on arrival; unharness him; take him round the buggy, which he will look at and smell with renewed interest, and yourself take him into his stable and unharness him.

The next day start in the same way, but after a couple of hundred yards fix the traces and breeching and walk and trot Disciple with your men at the shafts. After a couple of miles, let one man get up into the back seat, and walk and trot as before. After another mile, let the second man get up and all will be right. At the end, and before you turn round to come home, let both men get down to their places at the shafts. Then turn round quite slowly and stop for the men to get up. On his homeward way Disciple will go like an old customer and you can let him trot a little faster. On your way home turn him round two or three times, and for these turns let the men get down and take up their previous positions, but a pace or two away from the shafts. They are there only to be handy in case of need, but they will not be needed.

Thus, in a week from the commencement of operations, you will have broken Disciple to harness without the least trouble to him, or to yourself. It has been done by a progression of very little steps, in each one of which you

have had his willing co-operation; and never once has he been scared or frightened by anything that you have asked him to do.

* * * * *

More horses are spoilt in breaking into harness than in any other way. The horse is easy enough to teach; but it is so difficult to really teach the man. The usual British groom cannot be taught anything. He has his own ways, from which he will not depart, however much trouble you may take to try and convince him that they are detrimental to the objects in view, namely, the breaking of the horse without scaring him, and without making him believe that man is an enemy. He will listen, respectfully enough, to all you have to say; and, immediately your back is turned, will straight away do again what he did before. Follow such a groom on his heels into the stable, and you will find that the horses, who always welcome you with a whinny, turn nervously away from him and lay their ears back. His bed-rock idea is that he must always exhibit to his charges his mastery over them. When grooming them, he speaks roughly. He makes them move over smartly, and, if they do not move over smartly enough to please him, he hits them with the brush. He picks up their feet roughly. When he is

standing near a horse, you can see a certain nervous tremor, and an expression in the eye of the animal, that tell the tale with unfailing accuracy of his treatment of his charges in private. When a groom gets a kick or a bite in a stable from an animal, who has been long under his charge, the occurrence tells against the man rather than against the horse. Such a groom is never the comrade of his horses, and, but for the fact that they have to look to him for their food and drink, they would prefer to have no truck with him at all. When they are turned out to grass, his entry into the field is the signal for them to move away and he can never get near them; sometimes not even with the customary bait of a feed; they know him too well. On the other hand, to a groom who is their well-loved comrade, his incoming is welcomed with neighs and a racing scamper up to him; feed, or no feed.

To a groom, so out of sympathy with his horses that they are afraid of him, it is the worst mistake to entrust one of them to him to break into harness. Such a man is sure to be short-tempered. The horse views with suspicion every new thing that the groom does, and is prepared for defence, and, if need be, for revolt. The man has not the intelligence to understand horse-nature, or his horses would not be afraid of him, and his one idea, if things do not go well, is force and punishment.

Instead of a succession of little steps, all of which the horse can understand, he wants to make big steps, which the horse will not understand and will resent. And so mutual antagonism is set up at the beginning of the course, and the result is, not only little or no progress in breaking, but the very effective spoiling of the horse.

Some horses are so sweet-tempered that even a short-tempered man cannot help but succeed in breaking them into harness. But it is when difficulties arise that he fails. It is most essential that, in giving orders to assistants during the breaking, a level tone of voice should always be employed, without a trace of excitement in it. Something scares the horse and he gets excited, and to this particular brand of fool it appears appropriate that, in such circumstances, he should shout his instructions at the top of his voice. It does not occur to him that he is adding to the terror of the horse. The more the horse gets scared, the more excitedly the groom yells to the assistants, and, unless he succeeds in getting control of the horse by main force, he ends in scaring his assistants too, and thus the accident happens, which, when he relates the result to the owner viewing the remains, appear to him clear proof that "that there 'oss might be a good saddle 'oss, but 'e'd never make an 'arness 'oss as long as he lived, and it's lucky, sir, we found it out in time."

In his system of breaking by *vis majeure*, the short-tempered groom encounters problems in which force is, of course, no remedy; and it is then that the little intelligence there may be in him deserts him altogether, and he becomes a blind raging brute. Nothing upsets his temper so much as the obstacle he doesn't understand. He has not sufficiently accustomed the horse to his harness, or to pull; the collar or breast-strap galls, and, when the horse is asked to pull the load behind him, it hurts him, and he does not move forward. Instead of getting down to see what is wrong and put it right, and petting and encouraging the horse to go ahead, he shouts and slashes, and saws at its mouth. Under punishment, some animals will end their resistance by going ahead, but others of a sulky nature will continue their refusal. The more the horse refuses, the more this sort of man loses his temper and rains blows upon the unfortunate animal. He saws at its mouth, until its lips and gums are a mass of foam and blood. Sweating and trembling with fear and the punishment, and rearing with the pain of its mouth, in about ten minutes of this treatment, the horse has been converted into a jibber for life.

If you have a valuable horse to break into harness, do it yourself. If that for any reason is impossible, take the greatest care in

the selection of the man to whom you entrust so important a job.

If your horse, when in a vehicle, slips up on the road and falls, as may be the case on asphalte or ice, don't scold him in a loud and agitated voice. Go quickly and quietly to his head, pat him on the crest of his mane and give him the usual order to "lie down." He will keep quiet and make no struggle. Keep at his head and tell your man, or any helpful bystander, to quietly release the belly-band, traces, and breechings, and, while the horse is still on the ground with you at his head, to slowly draw back the vehicle until the shafts are quite clear of the horse. Then tell him to "get up," which he will do quite quietly and with the minimum of damage to his knees. It is not often that a horse sustains severe damage in the actual fall: most occurs when the horse is scared and struggles.

When a like accident occurs with the excitable unintelligent groom in charge, he generally loses his head completely, jumps noisily off his box, raises his voice to the horse and shouts to the bystanders who run up to assist. If he had kept quiet, the horse would have kept quiet; but excited by the commotion, the noise, and the men running up to him, the horse struggles and tries to get up. Entangled by the harness and shafts, he rises only to fall

and struggle again, and thus the greater damage is done.

In any and every kind of accident to a horse, never raise the voice; keep cool, talk to him and pet him, and, even if he is hurt, you will immediately disperse his fears and have him under complete control.

THE MOST WONDERFUL THING IN THE WORLD

CHAPTER XIII

THE MOST WONDERFUL THING IN THE WORLD

THE mystery of procreation and the continuation of life handed down from generation to generation is the study of all studies, for it is the peak from which every theory and problem of origin, relationship, and destiny has, in final resort, to be viewed and reviewed. The widest problems of space, matter, and motion are involved; the meaning of the universe; the reason and object of life; the why and whither of everything. The contemplation of such high thoughts is the true religion, the stay and foundation of all morals.

Come down, from the contemplation of the remote universe and its starry systems as a whole, to this world; from this world, to its matter; from matter in general, to organized matter; to the long development from the lowliest organisms, up to insects, fishes, birds, and beasts. Still further narrow the view to the mammalia and man. They are so close

in affinity, as to be almost one in essence and in spirit. So close are they that their "whither" cannot lie far apart.

In the quality of the senses man has little or no superiority over his brother mammalia. In sight, hearing and smell, other members of the family have the greater gifts; but some of the birds have an incomparable supremacy in long distance sight and hearing over any of the mammalia. If man excels at all, it is in the *nuances* of taste, but, more importantly, in delicacy of feeling, the hereditary results of education in the course of thousands of generations.

As to brain and brain power, it seems certain that every kind of animal's brain, including man's, is developed (on an average of the whole, but varying in respect of individuals) to an equal pitch of efficiency and range, in the sufficiency required to successfully maintain their existence in their several modes of life. Brain power, in degree, consists in facility of response to stimuli, and in all matters of vital importance the degree of brain power must be equal in all animals; but the range of brain power will vary in accordance with the range of stimuli, of which account has to be taken to maintain existence. In degree, man's brain power is probably not in excess of that of any of the more intelligent mammals; but the range of stimuli encompassed is enormously

greater, hence the great development in the mass of the human brain.

In man and the other mammals the stimuli and methods of procreation are the same; the methods of carrying and bearing their young, the sustenance of their young when born, and their affection for their young, all are the same in essence. What variation there is in detail, is the circumstance of divergent anatomical structure and mode of life.

But in the degree of development of the young at birth, the most extraordinary variations occur. Kittens and puppies are born blind, and are utterly helpless prey to any bird or beast for whom they would form food. For many days they sleep the whole time, waking only for sustenance, and but for the hereditary abilities of their mothers to successfully hide them, cats and dogs would long ere this have been extinct species. The human progeny, who arrives endowed with no more intelligence than a bag of pulp, is in worse case still, for the enlarged infant, while wholly incapable of resistance but presenting solid attractions as a meal for carnivora, declines to lie low and remain hid in a bush. His habit of advertising his precise locality by piercing lamentations would have wiped the human species also out of existence; but for the marvellous caprice, developed of heredity, of the human female, who unprovided, like the

kangaroo, with a suitable pouch, actually carried its young in its arms. Subsequent expansion of the brain-pan of the male enabled him to perceive that danger to the race lay in reposing absolute reliance upon the permanent continuance of a freakish female custom, so with an expenditure of much grey brain-matter, and with many headaches, he gradually and in succession invented houses, bassinettes, baby foods, nurse-girls, policemen and perambulators. It is thus that the human race has continued to this day—little stimuli acting on a range of brain power sufficiently extended and attuned to gather them in.

The prehistoric dog was a small animal like a jackal, gregarious, without much strength or courage, and no attacker except of small things and dead carcases; but his success in hiding his mate and her young sufficed for the long impotence of the puppies. The wild boar, with his tusks, is a ferocious and courageous beast, and the wild sow is no poltroon. As the element of effective protection comes in, the semi-comatose period of the young shortens. The young pigs can run well in a very few days. Wild cattle, and their cousins the buffaloes, live in their herds, and both have the habit, when danger appears, of forming a circle, horns outwards, with the calves in the middle. It takes several days before a calf can move quickly. But the horse has no such

weapon of defence. His sole defence in danger is promptness of action, and his great speed in conveying himself away from its scene.

It is the foal that is the most wonderful thing in the world. He comes into it equipped with every muscle fit for action, with every sense developed to its full; but most wonderful of all, with a brain capable of instant decisions and fortified with *experience.* Only under such conditions could the equine race have survived prior to their association with man as their protector. A critical examination of the conduct of a foal, immediately following his birth, leaves not the slightest doubt that he is endowed with experience of the conditions of his new environment. Obviously this experience has been gained in antenatal days. What does this mean? It means that he has seen with his mother's eyes, heard with her ears, smelled with her nose, felt with her nerves. Whatever stimuli of the outer world have acted upon her brain have been transmitted through the nerve connections of the umbilical cord—the most wonderful telegraphic cable that ever was, or will be, because it transmits sight, sound, sensation, smell, sustenance and power, all in full degree and simultaneously—to the receiving apparatus of the brain of the foal within her body, and have acted upon his brain also. When her brain has been at work, his brain has been at work. When she has

thought of nothing in particular he has been asleep. But in all the mare's moments of excitement, quick mental decisions and vigorous muscular actions, his brain has been educated and his corresponding nerves and muscles have been actuated under like, if shadowy, impulses. Whatever has happened to her has been enacted in parallel, more faintly, in him. Even in the early foetus, rudimentary inchoate stirrings must have taken place, ever growing stronger with the gradual growth and extension of the nervous system, until, with the antenatal development of the foal approaching its maximum, the impressions become so more and more striking in their vividness as to compare with those of the mare herself.

There is not the least doubt that towards the end, the pictures of men, animals, herbage and landscape formed within the foal's brain are as complete in colour and definition as in the brain of the mare herself. The picture grows upon the foal's brain exactly as it does upon the ground glass plate of a camera with the gradual opening of an iris diaphragm. First of all nothing, then dim impressions of movement, and of the greater masses of high lights and deep shadows. These brighten and deepen ; then come the beginnings of definition, then in low tone a recognisable picture, and finally, as when the diaphragm is completely open, the same in the sharpest definition and

contrast. But however low the tone of the picture, the movement in it is always that of actuality, and it is probable that movement, rather than contrasts of light and shade, makes the earliest impression on the foal's mind, and colour the last. The tone of the foal's pictures, even at the end, is probably low, but the movement, definition and contrasts quite perfect.

Here foals have the luck to be born mostly in the early hours of a sunny morning in May, the blessed month of wild flowers and sunshine. In this world there is nothing more perfectly entrancing and delicious than to be out in flowering meadows between three and seven on a sunny May morning, and nothing more inspiring and wonderful than to be present at the birth of a foal, and to watch its first actions and impressions of the new life. There is much for reflection in the first actions of any foal; but if you have cared for and petted the mother herself from a foal, and her mother before her, you may receive the revelation of a wonder vouchsafed but to few.

But first of the mare—who is one of your dear and cherished friends—who loves you to handle her. Those with experience in such matters can foretell with considerable accuracy the near approach of the great event. The expansion of the udder with milk gives the first warning, further expansion and great hardness the next. The final indication is the

coating of the tips of the teats with wax and sometimes the actual leakage of milk. The vigorous movements of the foal can be felt and seen, and their effect on the mare must be noted. Every day be out early, rain or fine. If a wet cold snap comes on, it will almost surely delay the birth until after its close, but do not count on this with too great certainty, because other causes may counteract. It is a kindly provision of nature that a clear still morning with good warmth in the early sunbeams, quickly taking the dew off the grass, does help the mare to her conclusion; so, on such a day, make your cup of tea and go to her extra early. If she is feeding as usual it means not yet; but if you find her standing or lying down there is probability. If she is standing under the shade of a tree, it means not yet. A mare won't foal down near a plantation or thicket—instinct following those primeval prejudices. You can judge the immediate prospects almost as soon as you get to her. If the foal occupies the usual position there will be delay, but if, from the changed contour of the flanks of the mare, you can see there has been some displacement rearwards and upwards, you will not have very long to wait.

You can judge from the mare's expression as you come up to her, and the turn of her eye, whether she is in any pain. Pat and pet her. She knows quite well what is going to happen,

and is waiting for it. You can see that she is grateful to you for coming to be with her, for if you move away a pace or two she will almost certainly follow and stand by you again. In a little while she will probably rest her nose against your arm and quite likely stand there just touching you, for the confidence it gives her. You can feel the tension when the pain comes, and tell just how long it lasts. If a bad one comes she will push against you quite hard. Don't talk to her. Just stroke and pat her.

When the great pains begin she will move a little way from you and lie down. Her eyes show her distress as they seek yours in appeal. Go up to her and sit down in front of her head, for when the paroxysms come she may want to roll over on either side. When the pains come stroke her on the forehead, hard. Hold and pull her ears with both hands, massage both cheeks together, then both eyes. You can see it helps her, for when they pass, she will rub her nose against you and may even lick your hand. Don't talk to her when the pains are on, just pull or push hard. She will have intervals free from pain; then get up and stroke and scratch her neck and head, her back and sides. She will lie flat on her side in her relief, cocking back one ear the better to listen to what you may say to her. When you go back and sit in front of her again, her

affection for you is apparent in her every action. More great pains, with a visible displacement of her burden, then the final great convulsions. The girding up and concentration of muscular effort is immense. The muscles of her neck stand out like ropes, her teeth are set, and in the paroxysms of her anguish her breath is forced out explosively in jerks and moans. As you bend over, stroking gently behind her trembling ears, even in this extremity her wistful soul looks out to you in tender regard.

Now the actual extrusion begins. First a breaking up of the great waters which had surrounded the membrane enclosing the foal, and whose gradual accumulation has allowed his greater freedom of movement, and are now used to lubricate and ease his ejection. Then the protrusion of the silvery semi-transparent membrane, so delicate that it is like a fabric of white silk, and hidden within can be discerned, as they emerge, shapes of two tiny hoofs, then pasterns and fetlocks and the long forelegs and knees. All are masked in this beautiful shroud, with its delicate tracery of veins, for feeding its expansion with the growth of the foal. Examine it while you may, for its existence and use is soon to be over. The mare's next spasm brings the outline of the little nose into view, and with continuous efforts the whole head is slowly

projected. Still the shrouded foal is surprisingly quiet, apparently comatose for the time being; but the mare's greatest effort is to come when the massive bulk of shoulders and chest are to be thrust forth. It is good to be here, for in this great effort you can assist most materially to save her the strain and its pains. It begins. Seize the legs of the foal and pull hard. With a strange elastic resistance, the form of the little creature emerges, and, as that wonderful umbilical cord is severed and he begins his independent existence, the shock startles him into consciousness. He throws out his head, strikes out with his forelegs, the enclosing membrane is broken and he takes his first breath. He lies on the grass panting and gasping.*

The mare lies collapsed, and for a while, is wholly unconscious, lost to her troubles and dead to the world. Draw the little fellow along the grass by the forelegs around to his mother's head, so that, when she recovers, her foal may be the first thing she sees. It will save her a struggle to rise, and she will be quite content. She will know you have him safely in charge and are there to protect him from enemies of every possible kind. Let her rest all she can.

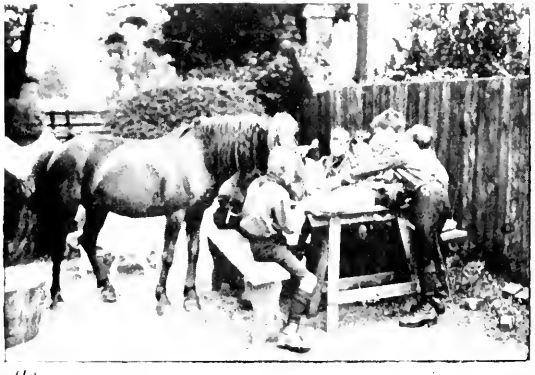
* The first and supremely important thing to be done immediately after the birth of a foal, is to tie up and sterilise the umbilical cord. Many foals are lost every year through failure to take this precaution.

Now examine this newly-born, gasping, shivering little person. All of his previous existence has been so warm and comfy, that to be suddenly ejected from his agreeable habitation, in an exceedingly moist condition, even into the sunshine of a May morning, is the most chill and most surprising experience. He is very wet, feels the cold horribly, and is shaking all over with it. He sits up quite alert, but the bright sunshine makes him blink and shut his eyes. His ears are quivering with the cold, but already he is using them—pricked forwards and backwards as they are attracted by the early morning sounds, the distant bark of a dog, the lowing of a cow. What a perfect little thing he is! That tiny little nose and mouth! His lips are moving, and you can just see the little pink tongue. That exquisite little mane, with the curl in the hair and the beautiful arch of his neck! His steaming coat shines in the sun, acurl and wavy. Look at the long yellow legs and their clean-cut firm tendons; the very perfection of modelling!

Now look out for the curious and most interesting vestigial zebra markings, which many foals possess, especially if they are got by Arab sires. The markings are most clearly distinguishable at birth and for the first few weeks afterwards, but fade as the foal's coat grows longer, and it quite often happens that

(*a*)

(*c*)



(*b*)

(*d*)

Rotund and the Boy Scouts

(*a*) Temptation
(*b*) Transgression

(*c*) Arrest with loot in possession
(*d*) Sentenced to good behaviour until further orders

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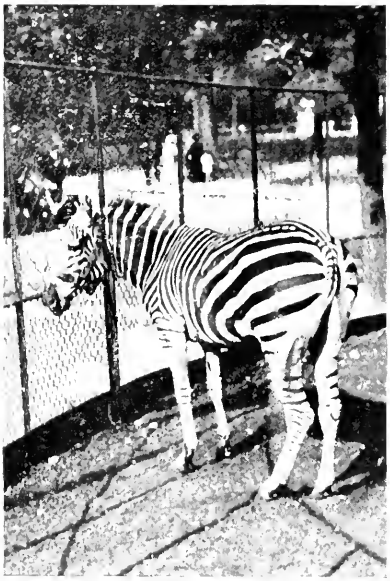
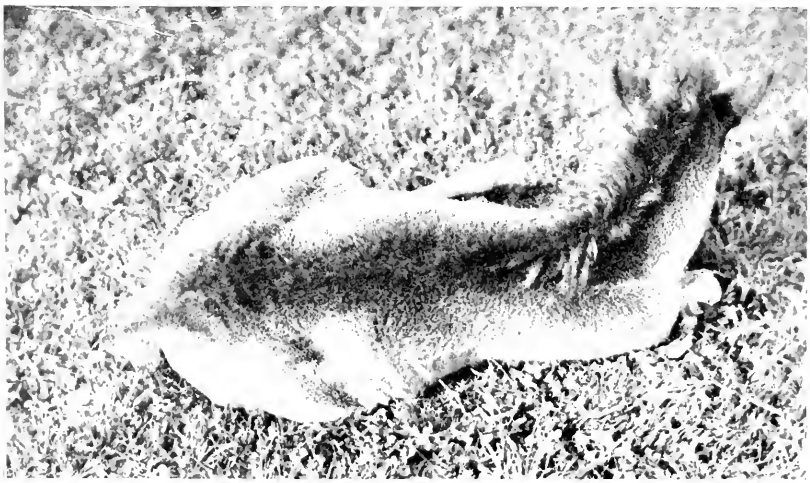


Mare Zebra in the Jardin des Plantes, Paris

Zebra striping of chestnut foal—wave-line curling of hair.



Rotund in his dun-coloured stage : showing his Zebra stripings

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when the foal's coat is cast, and the new coat comes on, they are not there at all. You may see one or more dark lines running parallel along the spine from mane to tail, with strongly-marked, cloudy patches on the wither branching off into rays on the shoulders and ribs. Look for cross stripings on the inside and outside of the knees and hocks, the forearms and near the pasterns, and on the thighs and hind pasterns. You may see rays on the neck and chest, and on the ears. But the most striking of all, when well developed, are the concentric semi-circular markings on the forehead, and the stripes on the cheeks running down to near the nose. The arrangements of the markings show considerable variation on the back, loins and body; but on the head, neck, withers and legs they closely follow the striping of the zebra, and prove most conclusively that right away towards the dawn of equine life the horse and zebra had common ancestors. It often happens in bright bays and chestnuts that dark marks are absent, but the striping is shown by wave lines in the hair. On the forehead this is particularly noticeable.* Sometimes a wave-line in the

*In Toluca, near Mexico City, the writer in 1908 saw and photographed a red dun pony on which were most prominent zebra markings in white, or rather very light yellow. The film spool containing the pictures was, with several other spools containing photographs of remarkable striped ponies,

hair at its termination becomes a *coloured* line. The colour of the very early horse was most probably dun, and the dun pony and horse of to-day often carry, even as adults, the most pronounced vestigial zebraical markings. The colours and markings of horses are a most fascinating study. In grey horses the zebra markings sometimes appear as white stripes. The white "trees," on the hind legs of grey horses with dark points, are a subject worthy of extended comparative examination and record.

Then see the curious white excrescences, attaching themselves like snowballs at the base of those beautiful feet. They are worthy of the most careful and special examination. They are fibrous, soft and springy, almost like greasy rubber, but they project so far that clearly they would interfere with his walking. Little smears and pieces are already breaking away. Obviously their attachment is temporary. Do you know what they are for? They are lubricating cushions on the sharp edges of the hoofs, to fend them from cutting the caul when the foal is approaching maturity and exercises the muscles of his legs. So long as the membrane remains intact, the action of the lungs does not begin. All births

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most unfortunately the subject of an accident in which they were all destroyed. Naturally, the lost pictures were the best of all those taken.

are not as straightforward as that of this little man. Wrong presentations sometimes occur. Sometimes the foal struggles within the membrane, his head is projected and withdrawn, and, if he had cut the membrane with his hoofs and had drawn but one breath, he would be suffocated, and a dead foal would be dropped. It is the kind of provision that might have been suggested by an Engineer if Nature had called him in to advise her how to stop the killing of colts by this cause, but he would have been puzzled how to attach springy self-lubricating pads to the hoofs. To Nature, in her dull old slow way, it presented just no difficulty at all. Why should it? In her patent evolution machinery she had made hoofs from hair by the simple process of making the hairs adhere together, compressed into a solid and hardened fibrous mass capable of withstanding hard wear and tear; so why should she not turn another handle, and arrange a prolongation of these same hair fibres beyond the hardened section; but so that they should become more and more gelatinous as they extended and finally become just plain lubricating material? That evolution machine of hers is a marvel; and that's just what old Dame Nature did, and then issued her survival of the fittest edict that those foals, who grew footpads, should have the better chance of living to propagate their kind, and that those

who did not should mostly perish untimely and leave no descendants. When the foal first endeavours to get up, he will slip on his lubricators leaving thick streaks of the jelly on the grass, and it is only when the softer ropy mucilage has been rubbed off and worn down to the harder material, near the hoof proper, that he will get any foothold at all.

The foal's eyes are getting more accustomed to the brightness of the light and although he still quakes with the cold and blinks a little, he begins already to take an interest in the things of this wide world, in which he has so suddenly found himself. The scent of the grass is the very first thing that attracts him and he puts down his nose to touch and to smell it. Once or twice he does so, and approves. It is the grass that he touches. He knows all about it, and, in that dreamland, has seen it before and the buttercups as well. A big buttercup touches his nose, but he disdains it, and pushes down to the young grass that his dam found so sweet. The mare lies motionless stretched out with closed eyes, the foam about her nostrils and mouth and on the herbage, telling of the throes of the struggle safely past.

With clearing vision the foal looks about him. His eyes are wide open now, and comprehension comes into his gaze. He has seen all these things before, mistily maybe, but the same

things—grass and flowers, trees, sky. He has rested quite still where you placed him, with those long legs half tucked under him—and they are so dreadfully long, and his knees so workmanlike and big. A foal seems all legs, as if some three sizes too big had been allotted to him in error. Wait and see, they are his business ends, and in that long while ago it was the foals, who could gallop, survived.

He licks his lips and opens his mouth and makes little jerks with his neck, and now he puts one foreleg out. It is not yet a full ten minutes that the little horse has been born, and yet, already he is anxious to rise. He puts the other foreleg out and makes his first effort to get up. He slips on those padded feet, and, in the excitement of the tumble, utters his first little cry. It is almost like the bleat of a lamb ; but it penetrates the poor fogged brain of the mother, and instantly she is awake, ears forward, eyes straining to see him, and she responds with a faint little neigh. She tries to rise, but is too weak—all the strength has gone out of her, and she falls back. The foal looks round and stretches his little face to her, and again that little bleat. You push him forward, so that she can just touch and smell him. A little further still. She is content, and, still lying down, just licks him with the tip of her tongue, her eyes closing again out of pure weakness. But only for a moment.

Bracing herself, she rolls up on to her knees, and, trembling with weakness, eagerly smells him from head to foot. Yes, it's really and truly her own.

But as she begins to lick his face ever so gently, one of the big after-pains overtakes her, and she is forced to throw herself down. After the struggle she is exhausted, but happy, for she knows you are looking after her foal. You talk to her, and it helps to keep her quiet; but the foal is getting obstreperous now. He wants to get up and means to, so you pull him over to lie flat on his side, and, as he still shivers, rub him to warm him. He likes the rubbing for a little while; but the over-mastering desire to get up again seizes him, and he rolls up to have another try. He gets as far as putting some weight on his forelegs, then flops over ignominiously alongside the mare, where for a time he is pacified, while she, now somewhat recovered, performs her first maternal duty of licking him all over. It is pretty to see the pleasure it gives her. Then energy again awakes within him, and the legs are astir. His sole ambition is to get up. He rises on his knees and succeeds, groggily enough, in keeping himself up thus far for a few seconds; then falls over on his side and is quiet. But only for a little while. There is something more than mere volition in these restless efforts to get up. There is

that within him, which impels. Dame Nature's evolution machine has been at it again and has planted that hereditary spur. The foals that were not early on their feet and afield had the lesser chance of survival. Those who were up and doing, and able to gallop within the fewest number of minutes, survived to propagate their like. It is one of a myriad examples of the inexorable law of the survival of the fittest.

However often the foal tumbles over, the overmastering impulse is immediately again at work. Watch him for a little. The mare herself, with enormous effort, gets upon her legs and stands there swaying and tottering, but determined not to go down again. A little yellow milk is spurting from her teats, and she rubs the foal with her nose and continues to lick him. She is still so weak that perforce she has to stand where she is and let the foal, in his gymnastics, wander a little away from her. What with the licking, the evaporation in the sunshine, and the increasing warmth of his body, the colt is steaming and getting dryer. Not the worst of tumbles daunts him now. He has learnt the trick of putting out his forefeet wide apart to steady his swaying and is trying to get foothold behind. Many are the slips until the hind snowballs disappear; but he struggles on, and when he does get a real grip, his propulsive

power is so great that he gets shot over on to his poor little nose. Is he discouraged? Not a whit. He tries it again, and gets a like tumble. He learns. Once more he makes a try, and, in a better balance of muscular efforts, he is actually up on four shaking legs, just long enough to look round at his Mother and give a little bleat of victory. Then the whole wobbling structure collapses, and he is on the ground kicking out his disappointment. He reassembles himself, and, in the interval of recoupment, has another sniff at the grass. He knows quite well what it is for, and nibbles at it.

The spur is at him again. He fights his way up on to the top of those tall legs, remains perched up a little longer, wobbles about for his balance, succeeds in maintaining it, wobbles again, and tips over. He is perfectly indomitable. He is no sooner down than he starts a fresh effort. Look at the lines of resolution in the muscles of his mouth and nose, as he makes his next fight to get up. He remembers what happened to him before, and is very careful when he gets to the top. Puts restraint on his muscles; wobbles a bit, but recovers; better sense of balance; draws his head up, then lowers it a little; puts one foot a little forward and finds better support; then the next and another—near risk of a tumble that time—but recovery of balance quite good;

(*a*)

(*c*)

(*b*)

(*d*)

The Birth of a Foal

(*a*) "Hello, you've arrived at last"
(*b*) Colt trying to free himself from the caul

(*c*) "Don't struggle, it'll soon be all right"
(*d*) Dame Nature's spur: "I'm going to get up, if I bust"

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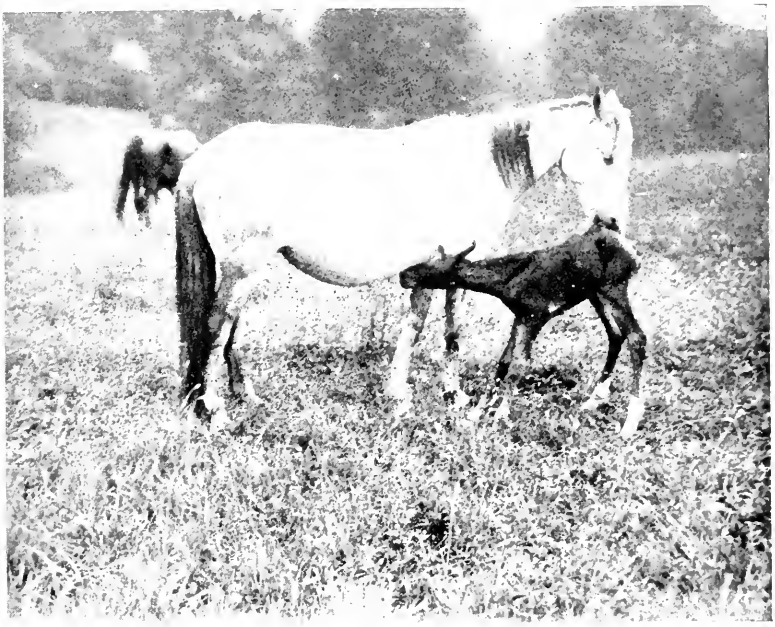

In the search for sustenance all foals invariably start at the wrong end

Right—at last!

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then a rest with a new sense of poise, and a bobbing head looks round at the dam. He actually tries to turn in her direction, makes three wobbling steps, trips, and comes down. It has been big business, his flanks are heaving with the exertion, and he is quite glad to rest a little. But again the spur, and he is up once more, making uncertainly towards his Mother. He has had many exertions. For the first time in his life he experiences a sensation of hunger. The sensation of hunger and his Mother are somehow inextricably connected together in his mind. The more hungry he feels, the more he wants her.

The mare has had affairs of her own to attend to, and is resting; but all the while she has kept an attentive and sometimes even a strained gaze on her foal during his tumbles. But she has been in no fear for him, partly on account of her confidence in your presence to protect him if need were, but mainly because that evolution machine of Dame Nature's has implanted the hereditary instinct in her mind that this gymnastic exhibition of her colt, to its completion, is a necessary preliminary, both to her feeding him, and to her being able to take him away if danger should arise. In the wild, foals are always dropped in a place far removed from possible attack. The instinct, that this performance has to be gone through without interruption, is just as deeply

impressed upon her mind, as the instinct to immediately get on his legs is impressed on the mind of the colt. Of course if danger did actually arise, from a dog, from cattle or horses on the move, or if she were apprehensive of such danger, she would be by her foal in an instant to protect him from all comers; and she would give her life for him, whatever her own condition. Safe and alone, she will give the foal room for his antics, and wait patiently until she sees that he has surmounted his difficulties and can stand up. Then she will set herself to give him his first meal.

The foal is up and comes doddering along. Quite likely he has another upset on the journey, but picks himself up and reaches his goal. He is glad to be with her and fumbles at her with his nose, while she bends down and licks him most lovingly. The conviction in the foal's mind, now that he has reached her, that his Mother has to do with food, grows infinitely stronger. He does not yet know what to expect, but he snuggles his nose against her; then opens his lips and sucks at her hair. It is not very satisfactory, but it's better than nothing. He tries a little further on, with no other result. But his hunger increases, and the scent of his Mother's skin sharpens his appetite. He gets impatient and peeks at her. Then searches about her forelegs and getting no satisfaction, positively stamps with vex-

ation, loses his balance, and down he goes. The mare licks his prostrate form, but the foal is not enthused, and struggles up in double quick time for further investigations.

The mare sets herself, and, wandering around, the foal gets right on to the target, but misses recognising it, although he comes away with a streak of milk on his nose. But he has got a sniff of the milk, which quite excites him. He has got good balance now, although still wobbly. He is dead keen on the matter, and searches all sorts of impossible places far removed from the real source of refreshment. He keeps coming round to the forelegs, quite obviously of opinion that, if the source isn't there, it ought to be, or at least in the immediate neighbourhood. In his peregrinations he has twice got on to the target itself, and has again passed it by. The mare is utterly patient, but is convinced that in this matter of search for sustenance she has got a fool of a son. He is getting faint with hunger and wanders about, a little aimlessly, just smelling around in any old place, and entirely by accident, alights right on to the very thing. Oh ! such a suck ! And another, and another ! His table manners are deplorable, for those sucks can be heard half across the field.

Then he sets himself square down to the business, all his legs planted out in the firmest

support. Suck—suck—suck. He pushes so hard that the milk in the other teat is forced out in a fine spray over his nose and his face. Nothing matters. He is glued to that teat as if, once lost, it would be lost for ever and ever. The old mare is frightfully pleased. He is not such a fool as she thought. The foal's tail is ashake in the ecstasy of that first long drink, and the mare bends round her head and licks it and to as far as she can reach of his rump. She licks his buttocks and hocks —he is her very own foal.

Every good thing has an end and, suck hard as he may, Mr. Foal has the dreadful fact forced upon him that, still frightfully hungry, the sustenance has come to a conclusion. He tries again. No result. It's altogether too bad. Once more. He thought he had got a taste of it that time and perseveres, but no good. This is terrible, and he withdraws to think the matter over. A bright idea strikes him. He has discovered one favoured spot; and might there not be others? He renews his search. He is still of opinion that a Refreshment Bar should always be right in the forefront of the premises, and accordingly reinvestigates all the country around his Mother's forelegs. Barren of all result. He considers, and it occurs to him that he has not yet explored the off side of his dam and that there might be surprises there. It is worth trying,

so round he waddles on legs, kept very wide apart for stability. It is no accident this time, but the fair reward of a reasoned out conclusion and a diligent search over a very extended area that he at last discovers a second magazine near the other, loaded with the sustenance he is seeking. He engages and positively engorges. He sucks until he can suck no more; backs a little; replete to unsteadiness, he circumnavigates the vitualler; incontinently tumbles down, and immediately falls fast asleep. The mare drops her nose to give him just one touch, and then, with her head held a little low, stands on guard. She shuts her eyes and lazily wags her long tail to flick off the flies. It's more than likely she gets a snooze or two herself, and well she deserves them.

* * * * *

All this time you have kept quite quiet, lying down at a discreet distance, close enough to see all that is happening and to give the confidence of your presence to the mare, and yet far enough away to interfere in no way with the foal.

He sleeps for a good half hour, then awakes full of strength and energy. He is in no doubt as to the object of his next move. Gets up and goes straight to the department of supply,

and finds that fresh stores have come in, and annexes the lot. The mare has been waiting for this, and now that, for the time being, she has been of all the use she can be to him, and after a glance to see that you are still there, she decides that it is her turn to take a rest, sinks down on to the warm grass and rolls over, with a grunt of relief, flat on her side. This is a surprise to the foal, and at first he hardly knows what to make of it. He stands off for a little, all eyes and ears, then somewhat apprehensively approaches his prostrate parent and smells her. She seems all right, but he is not certain. He hesitates, then moves a little further, puts down his head and smells her again, and so on until he finally concludes that there's nothing much amiss. The mare lies motionless, except for an occasional flick of the tail. The foal is full and feels quite good, and, the interest in his parent having subsided, draws himself up and looks about for adventure.

This is your great opportunity, so arise quite slowly and stand stock still. Then it is that this great marvel happens. The foal looks at you ; knows you ; recognises that old hat and coat, and with a cheerful toss of the head makes straight for you without any hesitation whatever. Right up to you he comes, affection for you gleaming in his beautiful eyes, and there—with his dear nose—he touches your

outstretched hand! Lower your hand quite slowly and he follows up your arm, touching and smelling your clothing, lifts his nose on to your waistcoat and looks up into your face. Put your hand on his neck and stroke him. Scratch him, he loves it. Get to his wither and scratch, and—O Miracle!—he scratches back. You can handle him anywhere, and in any way you like. You can lift either foreleg, or lift him up by both. He has seen and liked you in the dreamland, and now he has come to you, face to face, he accepts you, right there, as his best playfellow. There is no doubt as to his real affection for you. You can see it in his eyes. Put one arm round his neck, and scratch him on the back and sides. He goes almost wild with delight, gives little jumps off the ground with both forefeet together, twists his head round and gnaws at your elbow. Release him, and take a step or two backwards. Instantly he follows up, and pushes hard into you, begging to be scratched again. If you don't he will stamp with impatience, and if that is no good, he will jump up on you, quite likely putting both feet on your chest! Give him a real good scratching again, like his Mother's lickings, all over. It entrances him. Then lie down on the grass, take off your hat, and keep quiet and see what he will do to you. He will smell you first at what part is nearest, and work up

till he comes to your head. He will smell your ear, your face, your hair, and then make a complete examination, finishing up with your boots. Apparently all is satisfactory, and he is thinking of the next thing. If you still keep quiet, it will intrigue him, and he will lift up a forefoot and paw you with it. Quite slowly and gently to start with, but, if he fails to stir you up he gets impatient and paws quicker and harder, first with one foot and then with the other. Then rise slowly on your elbow and, as slowly, put out your hand and capture his foreleg. He is not afraid and will stop the pawing to bend down and sniff at your fingers. Shake the leg, it will amuse him and he will himself assist in the shaking of hands. At last he will pull back to release it, but he will be quite ready to do it all over again. Then get up—always slowly—and go towards the mare. He will follow; push into you; rub his neck against you from intensity of pure affection for you; make off, as though to run away, and come back to you. That you should be made thus the object of the pure love of a creature so newly come into the world is an experience that you will never cease to wonder at, and for all your life the memory of that entrancing half hour will be a priceless and undimmed treasure.*

*This is not a story of the imagination. It happened to the writer exactly as described. Twice since then have his

newborn foals recognised him in almost precisely the same way, and with the same manifest pleasure. On the first occasion the writer was so dumbfounded with the surprise of the occurrence that he could hardly believe his senses. But he had to ; for there was no mistaking the extraordinary personal affection for him of the newborn foal. The two later cases put the matter beyond any question or doubt. It was thus that he was led to consider how this extraordinary thing could be, and to develop the theory, set out in this chapter, as the best explanation of the facts.

It would greatly interest the writer to learn if others have had any similar experience, or would take the trouble to try to obtain it. It is so wonderfully beautiful, that it is worth a great deal of personal time and trouble. He has been a pony breeder for about 18 years and his animals have always been very devoted to him. Nearly all carry the blood of his two Arab stallions, Rohàn and Marzouk (*Vide* G.S.B.Vol. XX.), and some combine it. This may have some bearing on the case, as all three foals had Arab blood, and the first was pure Arab.

To any who desire to test the matter independently, the writer suggests that they should follow the same course as that by which the results were produced. Select a mare who has great personal affection for you, and let her be covered by a stallion, who has the same great affection for you. Keep the mare in a home paddock, so that you have many opportunities of going to her during the whole period of her pregnancy. When you are with her, pet her a great deal ; handle her *all over* ; scratch her neck and back ; give her a little sugar. If you can help it never miss a day, and be with her at least 15 or 20 minutes daily. When you enter the paddock, call her, and make her come up to you, which she will do at the canter. During the last three months, that is to say when the foal receives his more defined impressions, go, if possible, twice a day to the mare, taking care to wear the same old coat and hat. The mare will be delighted every time with your attentions, and, if the theory is correct, all these impressions are duly transmitted to the foal, and become part of his experience. Do your best to be present at the actual birth of the foal, which must take place in the same paddock in which all these impressions have been received.

In a stable, or in another field, everything would be unfamiliar to the foal, distracting his attention from you, and it is an object that it should be concentrated upon you. No stranger should accompany you. You must be quite alone.

In one case, the writer did not arrive in time for the birth, and the foal was already upon its legs. The foal trotted up to him at once with the same extraordinary manifestations of pleasure and affection.

August 18th, 1917. Since the above footnote was written two more foals have been born at Goldings this year, in which instant recognition of the writer, as the result of prenatal acquaintance, was conspicuously demonstrated. The first was a colt foal (now named "Rohàn's Last Gift," as he was the last foal got by the old horse before his death by my hand on the 5th August, 1917, as a happy release from great suffering) by my Arab Stallion Rohàn, *ex* Cubawinna, dam Windermere, who had arrived in the early morning of the 5th June, about half an hour before I came upon the scene and was still in the climbing-on-to-his-legs stage. He manifestly recognised me with pleasure and made for me each time he got up. He kept whinnying to me to come to him, and when I did so, rubbed his head and neck against me from sheer delight. His keen affection for me is described by my friends as truly remarkable.

The second was a filly foal, "Exmarsa," by the thoroughbred horse Explorer *ex* my mare Marsanda (by Marzouk *ex* Sanderling), born on Sunday, the 22nd July. Although overdue the filly's arrival was quite unexpected, as the mare had not begun to make up. A friend, Mr. William J. Cambridge, of Hazlewood, Loughton, had called to see the amusing ways with me of "Rohàn's Last Gift," and I took him into the home-field to find the little colt. It was seen that all the mares had gone into the sheds to get away from the heat and flies, and as I entered the gate-way into the shed enclosure, I found a wee chestnut foal just born, which Marsanda was licking, with all the other ponies standing round in a semi-circle as most interested observers. It was lying in a very awkward place, most uncomfortably. The moment it saw me it stretched out its little head and neighed to me. It tried to get up to come to me. I petted it and made it happy, and then determined to get it out on to the grass

And so, playing together, you come back to the mare. She is quite strong now, and so is the colt, and both are ready for anything. She gets up, and he revictuals himself. When he is done you clap your hands, and the mare takes him off for his first canter. She goes quietly at first, looking back to see that the foal follows, which he does gaily. Now watch him closely. The mare starts with a slow trot, making a semicircle to let the foal get up to her. He makes a short cut, dodges round a clump of quickly growing thistles, and a little later round a fallen branch, showing that he already has knowledge of what they are, and that they are things to be avoided. He reaches his mother, and from pure joy bounds into the air beside her. In a second bound he throws his forelegs on to her back. This makes her increase her pace, and the little chap canters alongside, just at her shoulder. He is going quite strong, when he makes a sudden slip, and over he goes. The mare checks herself, sees that nothing is amiss, and

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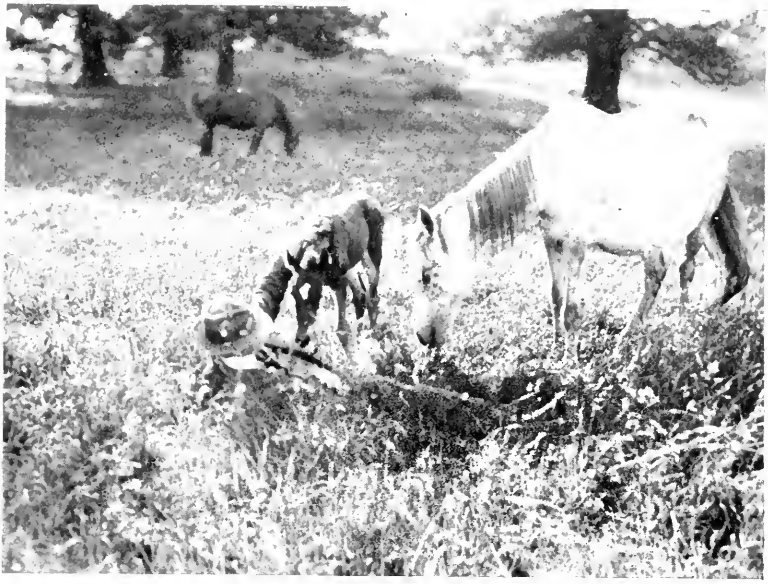
and into the sun. It had not found its legs, so there was difficulty in doing so, but it looked upon me as its best friend, and did all it could to help. Finally I got it on to the grass and its demeanour to me of pronounced affection excited Mr. Cambridge's extreme surprise.

As he is the only man who, except myself, has seen this curious and interesting phenomenon of recognition as the result of prenatal acquaintance, Mr. Cambridge has kindly permitted me to give his name and address as being a witness thereto.

then goes ahead a little slower. It is evident she thinks she may have been going a little too fast on this first run round. He catches her up in a jiffey, and moves along with his tail aloft, prancing. Then she makes a pretty sharp turn away from him, which he did not expect, and so overshoots the mark, but he joins her again, after a wide sweep. She goes through this manœuvre again, and this time the colt is more ready and the sweep is not so wide. She is taking him on quite a long trail through the field, which has little hills and dales in it, but at first she takes care to run along the contours and not across them. The mare increases her pace to a slow canter and makes more sharp turns. It is wonderful how well the little chap keeps up, and without any undue exertion.

There is a large pond in the field, formed by a high dam thrown across a valley; and although the top of the dam is her favourite short cut, she carefully avoids it, and, to keep him out of harm's way, makes a long detour around the pond. They do a mile or more in this winding course without stopping, and they visit every part of the field. Then the mare now does a rather remarkable thing; she makes her first stop at a long wire fence, with the clear object of drawing the foal's special attention to it. Without even looking at the fence he proposes to utilise the halt



Investigating the Master

A first lesson in deportment at four days old

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Rotund II, and Lynton with Sam up, 1912

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for the immediate intake of more sustenance, but she won't let him, and manœuvres him so that he is pressed up against the wires, with his head under hers, and so that he cannot get away. She keeps him there for two of three minutes, then trots along the whole length of the fence and returns along it, and only then lets the thirsty foal have his drink.

Up at the stables someone, forgetful of orders, lets loose a white bull-terrier, and his delighted barking fills the air. You see him nosing up and down the lawn to pick up your scent. He finds it, pushes through the iron fence, gets on your track and comes bounding across the field. He is extremely fond of the ponies and they are equally good friends with him. They all smell and lick him to show their keen regard. Sam's last job at night is to go round the horses and ponies in all the fields, all on his own, to see they are all right, and it is his first job in the morning to do the same round as soon as he is loosed. Sam races up to you and jumps around as usual, then catches sight of his old friend the mare and starts off to pay his usual respects. Hullo ! what is this ? She's got something with her ! By Heaven, this must be looked into. Sam is usually quite obedient and stays—more or less—at heel when you tell him to ; but on this occasion the excitement is altogether too much for him; and although you yell at him, he goes

on—with pauses, because your yells tell him his is a sinful act—until he gets near the mare. She turns to move away, for, although she is very fond of Sam, she is not quite certain that, in this newness of things, he is to be altogether relied upon not to chase the foal. As for the foal, he doesn't move; but stands on legs very wide apart, gazing fixedly at Sam. He has seen this white dog in the dreamland, and is not afraid; but the trouble is that Sam has not seen him; hence the extreme delicacy of the situation. Sam sits down, quivering with excitement, and gazes equally fixedly at the foal.

The foal is taking a particular interest in Sam, especially since he sat down, and doesn't move. But the mare continues to walk away, expecting the foal to follow. As she sees he doesn't, she neighs to him, and the foal turns his head to look at her. Noting the growing distance between himself and the commissariat, the foal gives a leap, and starts after his mother at full gallop. Too much for Sam! who is up and after the foal, not with the least evil intent, but devoured with curiosity. The mare's apprehensions are aroused, and, calling the foal loudly, she breaks into a canter. Now these two act in perfect unison, and, without the least hesitation on the part of the foal as to the part he is to play, he races up to her far shoulder and keeps his place there. The mare

manœuvres herself and curves her path, so that she always keeps herself between Sam and the foal. Sam has never seen the mare fly away from him before, and, with the added attraction of this little thing racing with her, thinks it a great game and humps himself to get up with them. You call Sam but with no effect, and the race continues all round the field, until the foal begins to get a little pumped. The mare sees this, and, suddenly facing round, goes for Sam with open mouth and forelegs viciously striking at him. Sam was out for fun and not for a fight, so turns tail and plumps himself down in some long grass. All that can be seen of him above it are his eyes and two cocked ears. The mare goes to the foal, who has dropped behind, sniffs him to see that he is all right, and, catching sight of you, makes in your direction, but bending her head to keep an eye on the traitorous Sam. The foal follows slowly behind, but, as soon as he sees you, up he comes at a trot and pushes himself boisterously against you. You pat him, scratch his neck and back, from delight of which he rubs his head and neck vigorously up and down your waistcoat. The old mare comes up and touches you with her nose, and stands by—still with an eye on Sam.* So all is peace and harmony once more, and, in a moment or two,

*In three days Sam and the foal were inseparable pals.

the foal, forgetting all else, is busy gathering in his rations.

* * * * *

Consider for a moment what you have just seen. The foal has shown intelligence of a high order, keen affection, courage, good judgment and decision; all of which depend on experience; a physical capacity to gallop at speed, showing that his bones, muscles and ligaments are in fine working condition: he has recognised the meaning and potentialities of everything he has seen and has conducted himself accordingly—*and he is not yet three hours' old!* Is he not truly the most wonderful thing in the world?

TWO MYSTERIES

CHAPTER XIV

TWO MYSTERIES

NOT being a literary genius like my cousin Dion Clayton Calthrop, I suspect this book to be full of transgressions against recognised literary canons; but it seemed good to try to avoid strewing its pages with an everlasting first personal pronoun singular, and in this I have managed hitherto to succeed; but the incidents to be related in this last chapter are so very personal to myself that it has been beyond my ability to handle them in the same impersonal way.

* * * * *

To the man who regards his horses merely as so many racing or hauling machines for making money, this and the previous chapter will have no interest, and may appear ridiculous. There are others, and I believe a good many, who will appreciate the bearing of these experiences, which occurred exactly as I have related them, upon the psychological interrelationship of men and animals. At all events

to me they have given much to ponder over; and I have unfolded them somewhat at length in order that the precurrent conditions may be understood.

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Shortly after the dispersal of a great racing stud, I had the opportunity in 1911 of purchasing a very shapely little thoroughbred bay mare Windermere (1901) 14·2½ hds. (by Pride, ex The Lake by Barcaldine) who had been covered by Persimmon's well-known brother Flor-di-Cuba (by Florizel II.). I proposed to breed Polo ponies from her. When Windermere first arrived and was turned out into the home field, she was unusually wild, and refused to allow anyone to approach her. Evidently at some time and in some way she had been ill-treated, for she hated the sight of a man; and it was several weeks, although I used my most persuasive efforts, before she would permit me to get anywhere near her. When finally she did surrender to my blandishments, it was in the most whole-hearted way; but she would have nothing to do with anyone else. Probably I was the first man to make a real friend of her. Anyhow, after a little while I could do anything with her, and whenever I came into the field she raced up to me and refused to leave me while I was there.

Whenever I crossed the fence into the next field, she never took her eyes from me, but waited for my return, and never left her place at the fence. Curiously she was not jealous of my attentions to other ponies in her own field, and when I went up to them she waited nearby until I was free, and then followed me, wherever I went, just at my elbow. If I lay or sat down on the grass, she had the habit of standing behind me with her head bent over mine, and every now and then used to lick me on the back of my neck.

I never can resist being licked by a horse; licking you and gently rubbing his nose and head against you, with sometimes a gentle little nip, just as hard as he would give to his pet mare, are really the only means available to him of showing the running over of his affection for you.

When Windermere's foal arrived on the 2nd May, 1912, I was present and did what I could to help her; for which she seemed to be extraordinarily appreciative, for she divided her attentions, and licked me almost as much as she did her foal. Her filly foal, Cubawinna, became a great pet; and during that summer the pair, when they saw me on the lawn, or getting over the railings into the field, invariably raced up to me at top speed.

When weaning time came, Windermere was greatly distressed at losing her foal, and I

gave her a good deal of extra petting, which she returned with many signs of her affection for me. It was at that time that she got badly entangled one night in a wire fence ; so badly that she could not move. I heard her calling to me when I awoke about 6 o'clock in the morning, and got up to see what was the matter. As I came up to her, she kept on whinnying to me, to tell me all about it. After a great deal of work I got her out of the trouble. She realised I was helping her ; did not struggle, and did just what I wanted her to do.

She always knew when Saturday afternoon and Sunday came ; for on those days—and not on any other weekday—she would always feed quite near the iron railing of the garden, or stand for a long while looking over it, on the off chance of seeing me. If she saw me in the distance, she kept on whinnying until I went up to her. I mention these things to show that I had a very special attraction for her.

* * * * *

In the early morning of the 18th March, 1913, at 3.20 a.m. I was awakened from the most dense sleep ; not by any noise or neighing—but by a call conveyed to me—I know not how—from Windermere. I could hear nothing—not a sound outside, although it was a perfectly still night—but as I became fully

conscious I *felt* the call in my brain and nerves, and I knew that Windermere was in direst extremity, and was entreating me to come instantly to her aid. I threw a coat over my pyjamas, pulled on my boots and ran across the garden for all I was worth. There was no cry; but in some extraordinary way I could tell exactly from what direction this soundless S.O.S. call was coming, although it was perceptably feebler than when it awoke me. As soon as I left the house I realised, to my horror, that the call came from the direction of the pond. I ran on, but the S.O.S. became fainter and fainter, and had ceased altogether before I could get to the pond. As I came near, I could just make out the surface of the water covered with ripples, which had not yet subsided, and, in the centre, a dark mass silhouetted against the reflection of the dim light of the sky. I knew it was the body of poor Windermere and that she was dead.

* * * * *

The poor mare was not got out until midday, and it was not till then that we understood exactly what had happened. That she had evidently gone for a drink from the steep side of the dam and had slipped in, we already knew from the marks on the grass, which were plain to see; but we could not understand

why she had not been able to swim ashore. In the water, which was very deep, she had struck out to swim and in some way had thrown her right foot through her head-stall. She had made a most gallant struggle to free her leg, as the condition of the headstall showed. She had broken part, and the rest was nearly broken through—a little more and she would have been free. In her death agony she slipped a filly foal by Rohàn, and its poor little body was found floating beside its Mother's.

* * * * *

I can only relate the facts. I cannot explain them. Call it, if you please, a case of mental telepathy, but it does not get one very much nearer. One deduction does, however, emerge with clarity—the receiving and transmitting apparatus must have been very closely attuned. I loved the mare, and the circumstances of her death made the most profound impression upon me. Even now, if I catch sight of anything floating in that pond, with the smallest resemblance to what I saw that night, the memory of it gives a stab at my heart.

* * * * *

I have never known a cheerier foal. She was the gayest, most lighthearted, happiest, merriest little fairy that ever was born. She

lived but a little time on this earth ; but there is one who to his dying day will never forget her. In colour she was the most perfect golden chestnut ; a coat as soft as silk and the brilliancy and sheen of it was a thing to marvel at. Her mother was the chestnut thoroughbred Mafia (1900) by Orvieto by Bend Or, ex Countess Macaroni by Victor Chief (see G.S.B. Vol. XX.), and her sire was my grey Arab Stallion Marzouk (G.S.B. Vol. XX.). It was in the early days of my little stud at Goldings, and Mafia was the first thoroughbred mare I bought. I made much of her and she became greatly attached to me.

Marmafia was the first foal I helped to bring into the world. It was a wonderful May morning after a most exquisite sunrise of pearl and opal—a day to be thankful one was alive to see. And the watching of this great mystery of birth and the after happenings, made it a wonderful day indeed to me. Marmafia was cheery and liked me from the very beginning. I remember how astounded I was at the self-possession and acuteness of a thing so newly born. I had seen babies, puppies and various other little beasties shortly after their birth, and had expected something of the same inertness and helplessness ; but here was a creature, ten minutes' old, who knew all about things ! I was lying on the grass stroking the little thing and scratched her on the wither,

and, hang me! if she didn't turn her head round and scratch me back on the arm. I started in amazement, for it was one of the most curious experiences I had met with in a somewhat variegated life. I did it again and again; and every time I scratched her wither and shoulder, she scratched back! To a knock-down fact of this kind there is no gainsaying, and, as the French say, it gave me furiously to think. I did not know then as much as I do now about the arrival of foals, and, when she commenced the struggle to rise and kept falling back, I took compassion on her weakness and helped her to get up. I did a great deal for her, which later I learnt to watch, with spell-bound interest, other foals doing for themselves. I helped her to stand up and balance herself and then to make a step or two forward. This took me quite a while, and the mare, when she began to get better and able to notice things, kept a watchful eye on all these proceedings. The energy this little beast expended in its continual efforts to get up was surprising and I had to let it lie down a time or two to rest, when the mutual scratchings were repeated with increasing ardour. It was a great time, and I don't know who enjoyed the fun the more, the foal or I.

After a while, I got her so that she retained her balance quite nicely standing; but she was

still very wobbly when she tried to move ahead and I had to steady her. She gradually improved so that I was encouraged to let her try to go ahead herself, which she essayed to do, meeting with signal disaster after about ten steps. She was not at all happy on the grass and her eyes plainly invited me to give her assistance to get up. There were perhaps a dozen of these catastrophes, and, each time she went down, she waited for me to help her up. She had learnt that it was easier. Once up she was quite happy and quite willing to stay by me; all the more so, because she so thoroughly enjoyed the scratching I gave her on the neck and back. Then she began to nibble and suck at my coat. Pangs of hunger had seized her. There was some sugar dust in the bottom of the sugar pocket, and I wetted my finger, and, sugar-coated, put it in her mouth. There was no delay in the decision she took about that! My aunt, how she sucked! She was perfectly wild after it! I backed a little and she was after me in a second —knew it was the fingers that tasted so good, and wasn't happy till she got them. There were no more falls after she had tasted the sugar! She followed me, all on her own, for quite a hundred yards, without one tumble.

With the exception of once or twice, when from weakness or pain she lay flat on her side, the mare never took her eyes off the foal;

but she knew me so well that it was plain she was content to leave the foal in my charge. As I brought the foal near, the mare whinnied and endeavoured to rise; but had not the strength. So I took the little thing right up to her, and their noses met. The foal was enormously interested, smelling the mare's face, her eyes and her ears; and the mare licked the foal's feet and its forelegs, as high as she could reach. It was a pretty sight to see the affection in the mare's eyes. Then I took the foal away a little, and the mare made another effort to get up. Very tottery at first, she came slowly along to the foal. She smelt it all over and then began to lick it. The foal stood with legs very much apart, balanced well, and evidently liked it.

After a little she turned and sniffed at the mare's chest and began to suck it and I moved away to see what would happen next. The foal got more and more agitated and sucked hard and began to seek for more solid sustenance. The mare set herself to accommodate, but the foal—and, as I found out afterwards, they never are at first—was not successful in its search. Like so many of the others I have since seen, it seemed to have made up its mind that what it sought was to be found near the mare's front legs, and would not get away from there. With my superior knowledge I endeavoured to assist; clasped the foal, and

urged it to come with me. Not a bit of it! It got quite impatient, and when by main force I brought its little nose to the right place, it rejected my advice and struggled most desperately. Every time I tried to get contact it was the same. At last a happy thought struck me! I put my finger in the sugar dust and offered it to the foal. Instant success! The vacuum inside that foal was something terrible. I just drew my finger along and the foal followed up, and held on to the finger like grim death, in one perpetual suck. With some manœuvring I got my finger alongside the proper article, and, with a jerk, transferred it into the finger's place. Eureka!

* * * * *

That was the beginning of the acquaintance. I was simply fascinated with my new treasure, and hurried back from my work in the City to learn more of this world of new problems which it presented. Putting on the old coat with the sugar pocket, I made my way in the home field to where the mare was busy feeding. The foal was close by, sound asleep. I approached as quietly as possible not to awake it; got within five yards and lay on my elbow in the grass. It was not me, but a very persistent fly, that eventually awoke it. It kicked a little in its sleep, but the fly came back each

time to the identical spot. A few more of its own kicks awoke the foal, but it still lay lazily with its eyes only beginning to open. Then suddenly it put up its head and caught sight of me. To my exceeding joy it wasn't a bit frightened; looked hard at me, and, with obvious pleasure, recognised its pal of the morning! I did not know then what an enormous attraction a man lying down motionless, even a stranger, has for a foal. I kept perfectly quiet and left the next move to the foal. Looking at me it rolled up on to a level keel, leisurely put out one foreleg straight in front of it, then the other; made as though it would get up, but abandoned the effort. Then it yawned two or three times, and indulged in a most tremendous stretch. Thus refreshed, it looked at me steadily for a few seconds, then gravely nodded its head up and down as though coming to a decision. I lay low and said nothing. It got up, shook itself, stretched one hind leg out almost horizontally, and then came along. I kept dead still. The foal came and smelt me; starting with my arm and working up to my shoulder, it became especially interested in my ear. What the special attraction was I could not guess. It smelled up and down me several times, but always came back to the ear, and with its lips played with it. In the course of this investigation she pushed my hat off. It startled her, but after a pause

she investigated the hat, dismissed it, and returned to the ear. The smell tests having concluded quite evidently in my favour, I awaited with interest the further development of the inquest. Quite slowly she lifted a fore-leg and put it in the middle of my back! Two or three times she stroked me with it, and then put it down. Then she smelled me some more, and lifted the other leg and pawed at me again. Then I put my hand out and shook hands with her, which amused her vastly. Holding her leg I moved it up on to my knees, took hold of the other leg, and, as I rose up, lifted her, and put her feet on my chest. She did not even attempt to struggle, but seemed to think it an ordinary proceeding, and quite part of the game. She had no fear of me at all, and raised her little head to my face as though to kiss me. I was so delighted and thrilled, that, although it was many years ago, I remember it all as though it were yesterday.

Lifting her up and putting her forefeet on my chest, and later over my shoulders, did, in fact, become an ordinary proceeding. She loved it—especially when, in this position, I scratched her with both hands on the withers and back—so much so, that she got into the way of jumping up of her own accord, and, what was really surprising, was the extraordinary gentleness with which she put her fore-feet on me. She took the greatest care to not

in any way hurt me. When she was about a month old she always saluted me, on my first coming into the field, in this way—then would scamper back to her mother, jump up, put her feet momentarily on her back, and race back to me to give me another embrace. But always, notwithstanding her high spirits, with the utmost gentleness. Often when following me about the field, if she thought I was taking insufficient notice of her, she would rear up and put her forelegs over my shoulder. I would catch hold of her feet and she would walk like this quite a long way. Her capers were wonderful. She always indulged in gymnastics in the double run between me and her mother, rising up often, with her forelegs high in the air, and going on her hind legs alone. Then she would dip down, and give almost vertical kicks in the air with her hind legs; finishing up with the most marvellous series of bounds and bucks, all the while squealing with delight.

That was before the days of the biograph, and I would give a great deal to have now a record on the film of some of her wonderful exhibitions. They were the very acme of beautiful physical movements prompted by the sheer delight of being alive, and I do not conceive how they could possibly be excelled by any living thing. One of her most remarkable gaits was a prancing movement, with her

nose high in the air, neck arched and drawn far back, tail high and waving like a flag, and picking up her feet for all the world as if she had been taught the Spanish walk. Out of sheer excess of spirits, she would race up to the other mares in the field and treat them as she did her own mother. At first they resented it, but after a while they regarded her as a specially privileged person, and really liked it. They always watched her, as one watches a Star Performer, when the fit came upon her to play these mad pranks. They were really fond of this little sprite, and two of them, who had their own foals, did a thing which I have not seen before or since—they allowed her an occasional suck—a privilege indeed.

She never left me for long, whenever I was in the field. She got to know the sugar pocket so well she would put her nose in it and positively refuse to take it out until she had grabbed at least one lump. She would always suck or lick my fingers whenever I gave her the chance. If I sat on the grass she would come behind me and put one foreleg over my shoulder, and sometimes both. She would take my hat off and shake it, drop it on the grass, and then nibble at my ears. She always had a fancy for my ears. I cannot conceive why, and licked and nibbled at them, but never once hurt me. Her gentleness in everything she did was her great characteristic. She was tremendously keen in

searching for my handkerchief, which she would pull out of my pocket. The first time that she got it entirely out was the only occasion on which I ever remember to have seen her really scared. There was a big wind, and as she pulled it out it flapped across her chest. She gave a big jump and broke away at a gallop, with the handkerchief still in her mouth. It fluttered in the wind and scared her still more, but she wouldn't or hadn't the sense to let it go ; and there she was racing all round the field in the maddest way, with the handkerchief alternately beating against her neck or fluttering in front of her. It was a truly comical sight, and, only after she had gone round the field several times, did she drop it through stumbling and having to open her mouth. It was characteristic of her that she followed the handkerchief as it blew along the grass, and, when it came to rest, smelled and pawed it, and then came back to me. For some days afterwards she was still a little scared when she pulled the handkerchief right out ; but afterwards it became one of her most cherished accomplishments. She would race up to her mother and the other mares with it in her mouth and scare them to death, to her own infinite delight. Never before or since have I seen such a merry little creature with such a keen idea of fun. I never got tired of watching her. She was always doing some-

thing original and amusing, and often, I am sure, to please me. When I called to her she would come to me like a dog.

In many of her funny little ways she reminded me irresistably of a Shire cart foal whose most ardent affection I had managed, when a small boy of five or six, to draw down upon my devoted head ; but that cart foal was so much bigger than I was then that he used to bully me quite a bit. Marmafia had the habit of pressing up against me as though physical contact with me gave her keen pleasure, and she used to rub her head and neck against me in a frenzy of affection. So did the long-ago Shire foal, but I was so small then that in the vigour of his amiability he used often to knock me down, to the great amusement of my father and his friends ; but I loved that big and strong cart foal very dearly all the same, and we were inseparable pals.

* * * * *

This little Marmafia had a very happy summer, when her mother, who had not done well and had had to have veterinary attention, sickened, and one morning was found dead, with the poor puzzled foal standing beside her. It was a great misfortune, and the little thing missed her mother very much and often called for her; sometimes most piteously. So I was left

to do what I could for the orphaned filly. She was brought up to the stables and given cow's milk and everybody petted her, but it did not suit her. She had commenced to feed on the grass, and the vet. advised that she should again be turned into the field. The two other mares helped her a bit, but naturally kept most of their milk for their own foals. I impressed upon the vet. how fond I was of the little thing, and begged him to spare no trouble or pains to get her well; but the event proved that his science was unequal to the emergency. Even now I cannot bear to look back upon this time. The little thing was ill and unhappy. It was a sore trial to me to feel how helpless I was in such a case. The filly was obviously losing flesh, but everything was done for her which the vet. directed.

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After her mother's death the intensity of the foal's affection for me was quite pathetic, and in the early mornings and late evenings I spent as much time as I could with her.

So long as her strength lasted she always met me with the rear up and the gentle placing of her little feet on my shoulders. She never did that to anyone else, but only to me. It was a special favour. At any time I had only to pat myself on the chest for her to respond

at once and put her feet there. It amused her to walk after me with her feet on my shoulders Often she gave me a lick or two on the face by way of a kiss. As long as I was in the field she never left me, and when I went up to the other ponies she was never a yard away.

* * * * *

Eventually we had to bring her into the stables, and all was done to make her as comfortable and happy as possible, for it was plain that she could not be with us for long. Even when her weakness make it impossible for her to stand, her cheeriness and indomitable spirit never left her. She always neighed to me when I came in to see her, and did all she could to rise and was absolutely happy while I was with her. I spent all the time I could with her. Very urgent business compelled me each day to go to the City, but I came back as soon as I could.

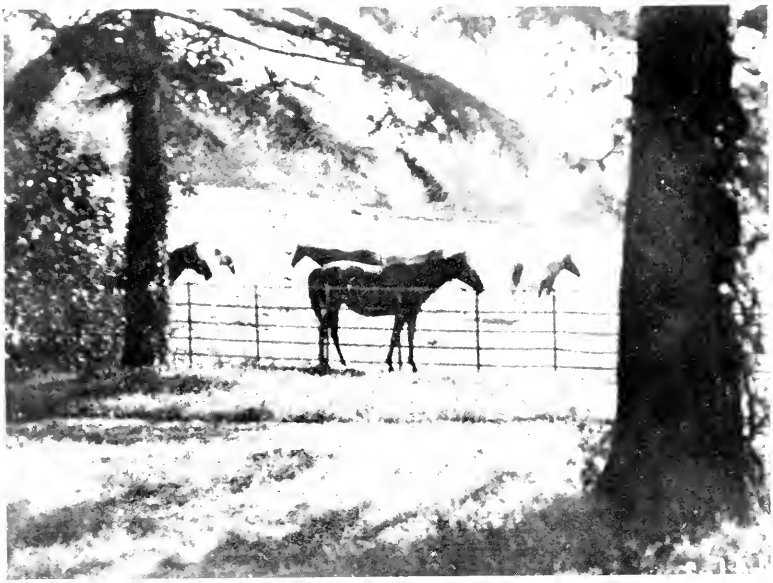
* * * * *

One morning, as I was getting into my carriage to catch my usual train, an impulse seized me to go to her yet once again. A little neigh and such a pleading look was too much for me. I had a very important meeting, but I telephoned that it was impossible for me to attend. I shall be glad all my days

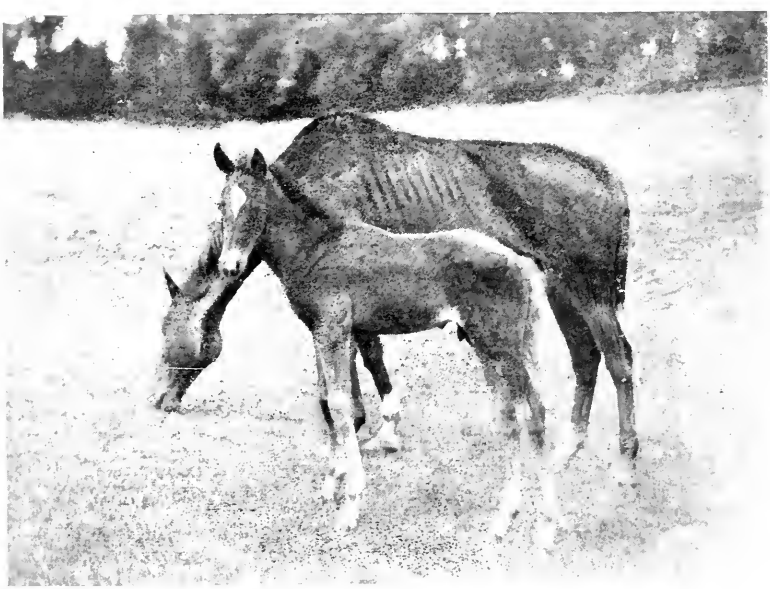
that I had the wit to understand and answer that appeal so that I spent those last three hours with her, soothing and petting her. I sat on the straw and she lay with her head on my lap—licking my fingers. She kept her gaze on me the whole time, and I can never forget the love-light and sweet expression of her eyes. Every now and then she gave me her little neigh. Towards the end I think she could not see me very well, for she strained to look at me. As I stroked her I felt she was getting colder and colder. I kissed her and spoke to her as I would to a dying child, and she opened her eyes to try to see me and gave me that little neigh once or twice more. All the while she kept licking my fingers—slower and slower— and when the last little shudder came she was still trying to lick them and her tongue remained touching my hand. And so her dear spirit fled.

* * * * *

And whither ?



The water where Windermere died



Mafia, and her filly foal Marmafia by Marzouk

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The black "Guardian Angel" Parachute

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AFTERWORD

I HAVE been much criticised for my reprehensible habit of keeping ponies. I have been told that, as a poor man, it was a criminal waste to spend good money on a number of useless animals. My depravity has been discussed with my friends and relations, and even my sanity has been impeached. Painful visions of the Workhouse have been dangled before me, as my destination here below, precursory to a torrid if not wholly incandescent hereafter. It is a discouraging enough prospect to hold out to a person whose fault is that the blood of many generations of horsemen flows through his veins; but, goodness knows! Even that sweltering abyss may have its compensations. Perhaps it is there that Elijah's horses of fire are still stabled. Surely the charioteer's job, even if a hot one, would be extraordinarily interesting!

But the ponies have had their very great uses—at all events to me. It is true that I, like so many other men of late, have had very harassing times to pass through—the closure of a great railway enterprise owing to the chaos

in Mexico, and of other important railway work in India due to the War—in which all personal expenditure has had to be reduced to the minimum; but the ponies have well earned their keep, pasture in summer with a little hay in winter, which is all they get. Their affection and cheerful mentality have been so really helpful to me. They are always so pleased to see me and their welcome is so genuine! Ponies never carry glum faces and cast no reproaches, ever! When I am with my ponies, I cannot help throwing off all the worries and troubles of the City, and, for the time being, forget them so utterly that the mental refreshment is quite surprising!

For the last six years I have had a problem before me, the solution of which has taxed to the utmost all the brain power and inventive faculties of which I am capable. It has been the invention of life-saving apparatus for the air—the automatically opening Aeroplane Parachute. That I have succeeded, almost beyond my anticipations, I can say with the utmost truth, is directly due to the assistance given me, in two ways, by my ponies.

As to the first way, they have composed my mind from all troubles and left me with a perfectly clear brain to visualise the very complicated forces with which I had to deal, and to think out the theoretical results of their interaction. As a matter of fact, nearly all

the important solutions arrived at were attained in their company. There was no occasion more favourable for thinking out the more abstruse problems, than when I was able to lie out under the stars on a summer's night, with one warm pony stretched out for a back rest, and the others lying close around me.

As to the second way, the habits I had acquired of making close and minute observations of the actions of my ponies, which are governed by a multiplicity of direct, remote and interacting stimuli, undoubtedly quickened my abilities to perceive and understand the extremely abstruse forces which enter into and determine the actions of Parachutes, in the very different circumstances of their drops from Free and Captive Balloons, from Airships and from the different types of Aeroplanes, and to learn how to control these forces so that the nature of the Parachute has been changed from that of the most wayward and unruly libertine, into that of a staid machine, of which every detail, and its action, is under absolute control.

The inter-corelation of circumstances is always a grim mystery to some dull people, and the aforesaid detractors, of my ponies and myself, of course never dreamed that I was breeding ponies that could help to invent Parachutes. In the National Pony Society's

Show at Islington these Parachute Ponies ought to have a Class to themselves.

My taming of Horses and Ponies has most certainly helped me to tame that most uncanny beast the Parachute, and, when our Airmen's lives are being saved in hundreds by the "Guardian Angel" Parachute, to my ponies, God bless them, must be given quite a big share of the credit.

NOTE.—The above was written in 1917, when the Guardian Angel Parachutes, with their "positive opening" and "tangle-proof rigging" which have never once failed to function exactly as they were designed to do, had been used most successfully, and without any mishap whatever, for dropping "secret service agents" at night from aeroplanes on to positions previously selected behind the German lines. The Guardian Angel Aeroplane Parachute was perfected and standardised in June, 1916, after innumerable trials and tests, private and official, from Government Aeroplanes; since which date official records show that more than 8,000 Flying Officers were killed in machines falling in flames or broken in the air. It has been estimated that of these dead air-fighters at least half of them would have been saved alive if they had been provided with these life-saving parachutes. It was the very efficiency of the parachute, for its life-saving purpose, which led to its undoing and condemned its use; for the authorities at the Hotel Cecil, who decided such matters, took the view that if this appliance were to be placed at the service of Flying Officers, for use and escape in case of accident, machines might be needlessly crashed.

The Horse, as Comrade and Friend

It was not until newspaper correspondents at the front, in August, 1918, were constantly reporting the escape by parachute of German officers from burning or broken aeroplances that the Air Ministry, overwhelmed by indignant protests from all sides that our fighting officers had not similar protection, which they had so frequently asked for, at last gave orders for all military machines to be so provided. The first 200 machines were in course of being fitted with Guardian Angel Parachutes when the Armistice of the 11th November intervened to prevent the demonstration of their utilities in actual warfare.

Mr. Calthrop was honoured by the King of Italy with the Cross of Chevalier of the Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus, in recognition of the exceedingly valuable services rendered by his parachutes on the Piave front in dropping secret service agents behind the Austrian lines. This successful work was being carried out at just the time when, in reply to questions from hon. members urging that parachutes should be adopted for life-saving purposes, the Under-Secretary to the Air Ministry was repeatedly assuring the House of Commons that "no parachutes suitable for use from an aeroplane had yet been arrived at."

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